Saturday Review

SEPTEMBER 3, 1955 / 20¢

HY WRITE IT IF YOU CAN'T
LL IT TO PICTURES?"
Budd Schulberg

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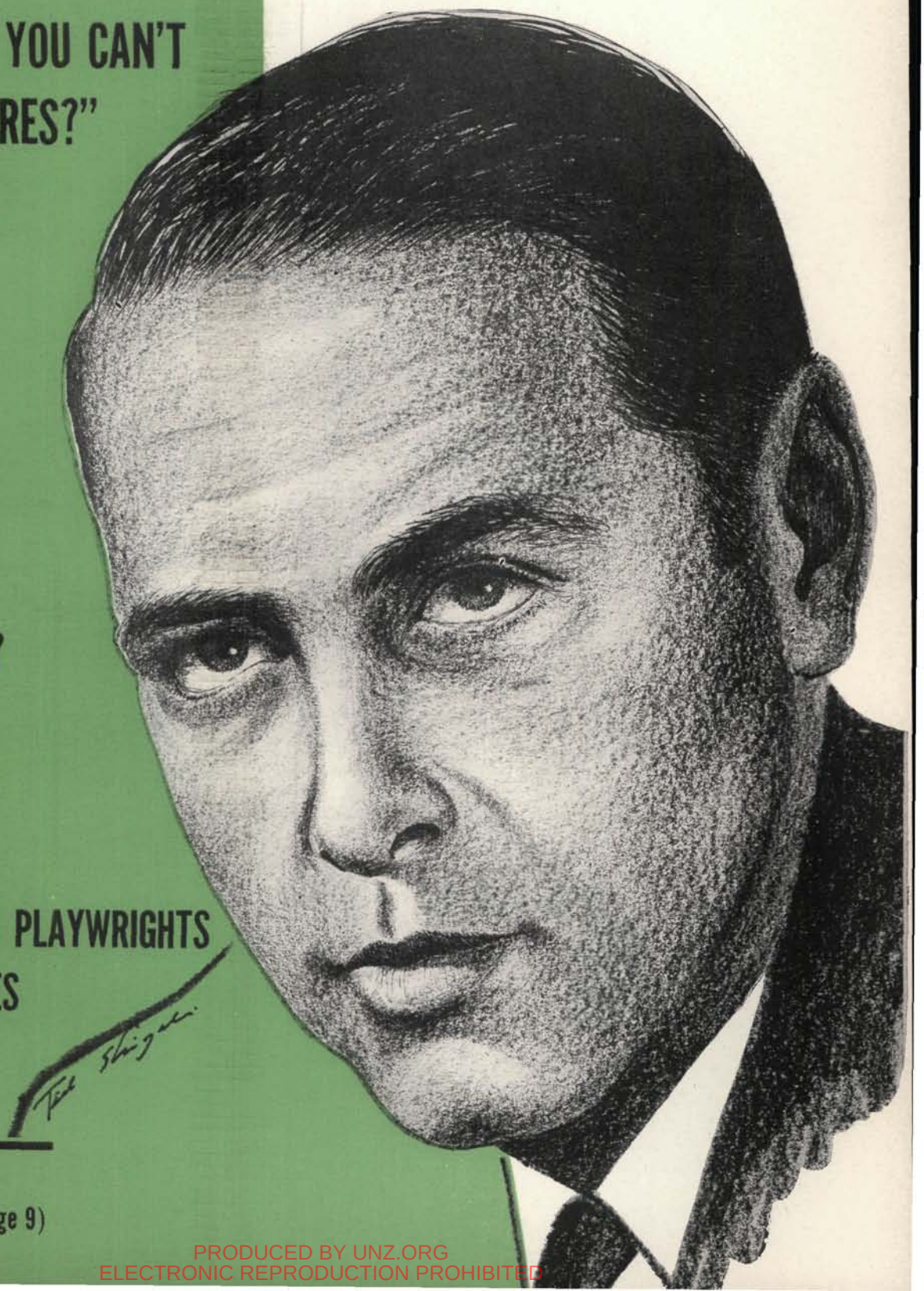
ALLY SUBVERSIVE?
Walter Millis

NETEEN AMERICAN PLAYWRIGHTS
OK AT THEMSELVES



nan Wouk, author of
orie Morningstar." (See page 9)

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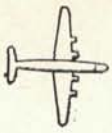

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Europe, the Mediterranean and the Middle East, India and Southeast Asia and Japan and the islands of the Pacific climaxed by Hawaii, will unroll on a magic carpet for the Grand Prize winner as Pan American World Airways flies him and his camera around the world, opening up wonderful new horizons.

There will be twenty-six awards in all for SATURDAY REVIEW readers who have taken unusual pictures, in either color or black-&-white, during vacation or business trips abroad or at home during the past year.

Award-winning photographs will again be featured in THE SATURDAY REVIEW'S annual World Travel Calendar issue. The next Calendar, to appear January 7, 1956, will report forthcoming events of major importance to tourists during the coming year in fifty countries.

The Calendar will be fully illustrated by the World Travel Awards photographs. A page is devoted to each month of the year, and each of these pages will be dominated by one of the award-winning pictures. The Grand Prize winner will be reproduced on the cover of the January 7th issue.

The Awards pictures will be chosen by the following judges, all distinguished in the field of photography:

Norris Harkness—President, Photographic Society of America, syndicated columnist, and leading authority on photography.

Ivan Dmitri—leading color and magazine photographer.

Leopold Godowsky—Co-inventor of Kodachrome.

Joseph Costa—Chairman of the Board, National Press Photographers Association, and Chief Photographer, King Features Syndicate.

Read THE SATURDAY REVIEW regularly for additional Award news.

The important thing is to read the complete rules below, and start sending in your entries now, either color or black-and-white. Each week, starting in an early issue, the outstanding photographs of the week will be published in THE SATURDAY REVIEW along with the latest news of the Awards.

Deadline for entries is October 15, 1955. Send your entries on or before that date to:

PHOTO AWARDS

→

The Saturday Review

25 WEST 45TH STREET, NEW YORK 36, N. Y.

Should the Grand Prize winner prefer some other trip than the one outlined above, its equivalent for one or two persons to any points served by Pan American World Airways can be arranged on request.

*Trade Mark, Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.

Award Rules

1. The contest is strictly for amateur photographers. Anyone is eligible except employees of THE SATURDAY REVIEW, Pan American World Airways, members of their families, and individuals who personally, or any members of whose families, are engaged in the manufacture, sale, commercial finishing, or professional use of photographic goods.

2. Pictures must have been taken after July 1, 1954, during a trip away from home for either holiday or business purposes.

3. **Black-and-white photographs**

a. Prints must be submitted in glossy prints no larger than 8 x 10, unmounted.

b. On the back of the photograph must appear: name, age, and address of photographer; make of camera and film used in taking the picture; date and place it was shot.

c. Developing and printing may be done by a photo-finisher or the entrant. No black and white prints from color transparencies will be accepted. No composite pictures such as multiple printing or montages are eligible. No art-work or retouching on prints or negatives from which they are made is permitted.

d. No negatives should be submitted, but original negatives must be available when called for.

e. No prints will be returned.

4. **Color photographs**

a. Original mounted color *transparencies* must be submitted (preferably mounted in metal or cardboard, not glass).

b. Color prints are not eligible.

c. The same data must be given as specified above for black-and-white prints and should be written directly on each mount.

d. Color stereos are eligible. Only one transparency need be sent.

e. Transparencies not awarded prizes will be returned to entrant only if accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed envelope.

5. THE SATURDAY REVIEW assumes no responsibility for negatives, prints or color transparencies, but reserves the right to publish within its own pages as part of the Awards competition any pictures submitted, whether winners or not.

6. To enter the contest, mail no more than six black-and-white prints and/or six color transparencies to this magazine's WORLD TRAVEL PHOTOGRAPHIC AWARDS DEPARTMENT. All pictures must be postmarked no later than October 15, 1955, to be eligible for judging. **IMPORTANT: NO MORE THAN TWELVE PICTURES, SIX IN EACH CATEGORY, CAN BE SUBMITTED BY ANY ONE ENTRANT.**

7. Pictures will be judged on photographic quality and originality in choice and treatment of subject. The decision of the judges will be final.

8. Before receiving a final prize, the entrant must sign a statement that his picture, or any closely similar picture of the same subject or situation, has not been and will not be entered by him in any photographic contest other than the one conducted by this magazine, and has not been and will not be offered for publication in any manner. Winning black-and-white pictures and color transparencies become the property of THE SATURDAY REVIEW.

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TRADE Winds

A LETTER FROM the son of Norman Douglas assures me that his father never lacked for snuff and that the request to sprinkle a few grains into an envelope made to friends of mine a few years ago must have been a joke on Douglas's part. It quite possibly was—a small and kindly joke of a fine and witty writer.

FROM OUT IN MONTANA, Dan Cushman, whose "Stay Away, Joe" enlivened readers a few years ago, comes a letter of complaint. If, as I reported recently, the British read so damn many books, then why, he asks, haven't more copies of his books been sold in Britain? He goes on to admit that my further report that books are well read in Scandinavian countries is borne out by his Swedish sales. My favorite communication from Mr. Cushman was a letter sent to his publisher several years ago. In that letter Mr. Cushman described some of the Indians he knew in his part of Montana—particularly, one Indian who used to love to run after pretty Indian ladies. He described one such footrace in which the Indian finally caught up with one of the ladies and disappeared with her over the horizon. That, said Mr. Cushman, is what he likes most about Montana. In the rest of the world, he says, women have to use cosmetics and other devices to get a man, but out in his country, he points out, she need only slow down.

I NEVER HAD the good fortune to know Nick Wreden, whose death saddened all of publishing recently. I asked one of Nick's good friends, Keith Jennison, to write something about Nick for this column. Here are Mr. Jennison's words:

> Nick was Russian-born and I notice in the obits that he was identified as a "White" Russian. I guess this is accurate enough because, as what must have been a boy, he was a sailor in the Imperial Navy. Nick never went along with this designation though. If you asked him he would give you that blue-eyed bear's grin of his and say, "I ran from the Red Army and I ran from the White Army—maybe you'd better call me a yellow Russian." But there never was confusion in his own mind or anybody else's as to what kind of American he was.
>
> You turn down the glass for Nick with a particular, violent bitterness because in many ways he was the youngest of all of us—if youth be counted in terms of eagerness, enthusiasm, and a capacity for merriment. As salesman, bookseller, author, editor, and executive it was not only his erudition, experience, and integrity he gave the book community; it was himself and there is none of us that his death does not sadden and diminish.

FROM KANSAS CITY comes a letter fro a gentleman who joins Bernard De Voto (and me) in agreeing that th olive is the ruination of the martini- a point made in this column a whil back. He says that a martini witho the olive but with an onion is Gibson—which in itself is no new. But what, he asks, do you call martini without an olive and witho perhaps even a twist of lemon peel This is a rhetorical question and h immediately answers it. He says it' a Blonde Widow and he tells me tha already in a few sophisticated bar the name has become familiar. H closes by asking if I will help If he means will I help dissemi nate this information, yes, I am doin so now.

But if he means will I tour th sophisticated bars, asking for Blond Widow after Blonde Widow I am afrai that I will have to back down. No that I have any objection to a drin —occasionally—or to the name—bu the tour! I'm afraid I wouldn't get be yond the second bar—thereafter m pronunciation of Blonde Widow woul do his crusade no good.

MY WIFE AND I occasionally play hos to a charming lady and gentleman wh love their martinis and always insis on their being very dry indeed. S over the years I have advanced th mixture from four to one, to seven t one, and finally to ten to one. Re cently they visited us—said they' love a martini, "but for heaven's sak make it very dry indeed." While the sat on our side porch I went into th bar, chilled a couple of glasses, poure some gin into a mixer, added som ice, and put in no vermouth whatever When the gin was properly iced poured it into the chilled glasses an gave each of them a drink of ver cold straight gin with a lemon pee floating on top. Best damn martini the ever drank, they said.—ALAN GREEN.

TRADE WINDS *is being conducted b Alan Green while Bennett Cerf is o vacation.*

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The Saturday Review
SEPTEMBER 3, 1955

"WHY WRITE IT WHEN YOU CAN'T SELL IT TO THE PICTURES?"

Even fathering one of the great, surprise successes in the history of the screen does not necessarily exhaust a writer who has spent years soaked in his material. Budd Schulberg, noted novelist, columnist, and screenwriter, found that he had more to say on the subject than he could pack into "On the Waterfront"—superb movie though it was—and so filled the scenario out into the novel "Waterfront," to be published by Random House this fall. Reversing the usual process, Mr. Schulberg is the first major writer to take an original film script—on which he spent five years—and transmute it into an important novel. He explains here his reasons, and why the novel has incomparable qualities as a creative form.

y BUDD SCHULBERG

LAST summer I encountered a Hollywood producer who wanted to know if I was writing any fiction that might be adaptable to the ovies. I told him I had devoted the ast year to my waterfront novel. The tund gentleman with a soft Viennese cent shook his head in concern for y apparent loss of common sense. never heard of such a thing," he id. "Why spend all that time on mething that has no chance of being ld to the movies?"

I found it a little difficult to exain to this one-track-minded friend at after five years of prowling the ew York waterfront, roaming the est Side and Jersey bars across om the docks, drinking beer with ngshore families in the kitchens of their $26.50 per month railroad flats, and talking to harbor union leaders, waterfront priests, and Irish and Italian rank-and-file "insoigents," our film "On the Waterfront" left me with an irresistible conviction that there was still far more to say than could possibly be included in my screenplay for the picture.

Our picture won every possible prize and award from the Venice Festival to the Academy sweep, and yet I could not down a certain sense of frustration entirely separate from my pride in the effectiveness of the film. Surely my story could not have been placed in more artistic hands than Elia Kazan's and the film's main characters; the Hell's Kitchen fringe hoodlum named Terry Malloy could not have found a more sensitive interpreter than Marlon Brando. In many cases Kazan and Brando intensified the vitality and accuracy of what I had written. And yet, after my Oscar was perched securely on the mantelpiece, I could not overcome a growing conviction that my job as chronicler of waterfront people and waterfront tensions was not yet completed.

This feeling is an inevitable result of the fundamental difference between the two media I have used in coping with my waterfront experience: the motion picture and the novel. For the past fifteen years I have worked principally in the field of fiction, but because my father was for many years the head of a major film studio, and because I was raised in Hollywood, I may be something of a literary schizophrene. As a novelist and part-time screen writer I confess to a life and continuing interest in both ways of storytelling. The novelist succumbing to Hollywood scenario-writing is an old, sad story, a downward path to unwisdom that haunts me. But as a believer in the art and power of the film, as well as a die-hard novelist, I see difference rather than conflict between the two forms, so long as authors do not confuse one with the other. One can go to Hollywood without succumbing to Hollywood, and one who is interested in writing truly can move back from

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the film into the novel, where he may find another, more ranging kind of esthetic experience.

ACTUALLY, a filmplay seems to me related more closely to the short story than to the novel. At least its dramatic unity is closer. The difference is, of course, that a short story is tightly disciplined in form, writer-fulfilled in content. The screenplay is restricted in form. It is the director who has the opportunity to develop character and background through insight, so that the authorship of a film at best becomes a true director-writer co-creation. To take my "Waterfront" script as an example, its length (after much pruning) was 115 manuscript pages. The novel was five times as long. The film is an art of high points. I think of it as embracing five or six sequences, each one mounting to a climax that rushes the action onward. The novel is an art of high, middle, and low points and, though I believe its form must never be overlooked, it's the sort of form you lock the front door against, knowing full well it will climb into one of the small back-windows thoughtfully left open for it. The film does best when it concentrates on a single character. It tells the "Informer" superbly. It tends to lose itself in the ramifications of "War and Peace." It has no time for what I call the essential digressions. The "digression" of complicated, contradictory character. The "digression" of social background. The film must go from significant episode to more significant episode in a constantly mounting pattern. It's an exciting form. But it pays a price for this excitement. It cannot wander as life wanders, or pause as life always pauses, to contemplate the incidental or the unexpected. The film has a relentless form. Once you set it up it becomes your master, demanding and rather terrifying. It has its own tight logic, and once you stray from that straight and narrow path the tension slackens—or, you might say, the air is left out of the balloon.

So, in the film "On the Waterfront" we followed the life-line of Terry Malloy, a half-vicious hoodlum caught between the waterfront mob and the vaguest, anxious beginnings of a conscience. His brothers are to be found on New York's troubled West Side, or along Brooklyn's Gowanus Canal, or in the corrupt political-machine towns on the Jersey shore. Kazan and Brando, gifted and dedicated, did sensitive and brilliant things with this character, and I had written his dialogue carefully, with an ear to my wanderings along the riverfront. But the restricting form of *He said—She said* allowed no time to relate Terry to his background, to explore his mind with its groping efforts to shake off its sloth, to catch him off guard, so to speak. More important, the film's concentration on a single dominating character, brought close to the camera-eye, made it esthetically inconvenient—if not impossible—to set Terry's story in its social and historical perspective. What I have tried to do in the novel is to use Terry as a single strand in a rope of intertwining fibres, in order to suggest the knotted complexities of the world of the waterfront that loops around New York, a lawless frontier almost unknown to the metropolitan citizenry.

During the 1952-1953 period when I was preparing the screenplay I w fully aware that the wholesale crim of the waterfront were not to be e: plained merely by the prominence certain gentlemen from Sing Sing a Dannemora in positions of authori on the docks. The shipping con panies and the stevedore manageme had accepted—in some cases e: couraged—the thugs for years, and many cases city politicians were notl ing less than partners of the longsho union racketeers. It was this u healthy axis, I knew, that made it difficult to bring any real democrat reform to the graft-ridden docks. even discussed with my film co laborators scenes that would dram tize this civic blight. Those scen were not eliminated through a cowardice or fear of censorship, some critics have suggested. No, was another tyrant, the ninety-minu feature form, that lopped off the heads.

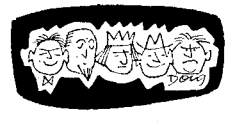
But, thanks to our muse, the nov is a wide-angle lens. Broader eve than Cinerama. The real 3-D. Tl novel is the ideal medium for t development of social themes. Tl novel isn't a straight piece of strin It's a ball of twine. In the novel found my opportunity to put Ter Malloy in proper focus. It only re quired retelling his story from a other point of view, and with a di ferent end in mind. I mean this lite ally and figuratively. Terry's de cision, even his fate, became sub ordinated to the anxious balance a the fate of the waterfront as a whol This demanded an entirely differe ending, as well as fuller developme of characters who were secondar figures in the film. So Father Barr the "waterfront priest," is brought t stage center, is allowed to share th action with Terry and to dominat the thinking of the book. As a cura in a poor parish he must take grav chances if he is to follow Christ. Th film had no time for this sort thing. The novel has not only time b the obligation to examine this wit great care. This searching becomes, i fact, the stuff of the novel, and th violent action line of Terry Mallo is now seen for what it is, one of th many moral crises in the spiritual social development of Father Barr

IN THE great novels "Moby Dick "War and Peace," "The Red and th Black" we see how the action an the ideas are able to flow togethe with no violence one to the othe There you have the glory of th novel, the reason why in this age o supercommunication we should neve forsake the novel. I am not so vai as to claim membership in that grea company for my "Waterfront," but i

(*Continued on page 27*)

Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich



TEN MEN

Edmond J. Maher of Winchester Bay, Oregon, submits ten titles of books, plays, stories, and poems each of which begins with "The Man." He asks you to name these men, checking the scrambled identities in the right-hand column. Then name the authors. If you get no more than twelve of the twenty bits of information sought, regard the result as sub-marginal; if from thirteen to sixteen, as marginal; if seventeen or better, as super-marginal. Answers on page 27.

1. "The Man Without a Country"	( ) Harker Brayton
2. "The Man of No Account"	( ) Daniel Dravot
3. "The Man of Property"	( ) David Fagg
4. "The Man Who Came to Dinner"	( ) Soames Forsyte
5. "The Man Who Could Work Miracles"	( ) George McWirter Fotheringay
6. "The Man and the Snake"	( ) Johnny Machine
7. "The Man with the Golden Arm"	( ) Fernando Nash
8. "The Man Who Died Twice"	( ) Philip Nolan
9. "The Man Who Made Friends with Himself"	( ) Richard Tolman
10. "The Man Who Would Be King"	( ) Sheridan Whiteside

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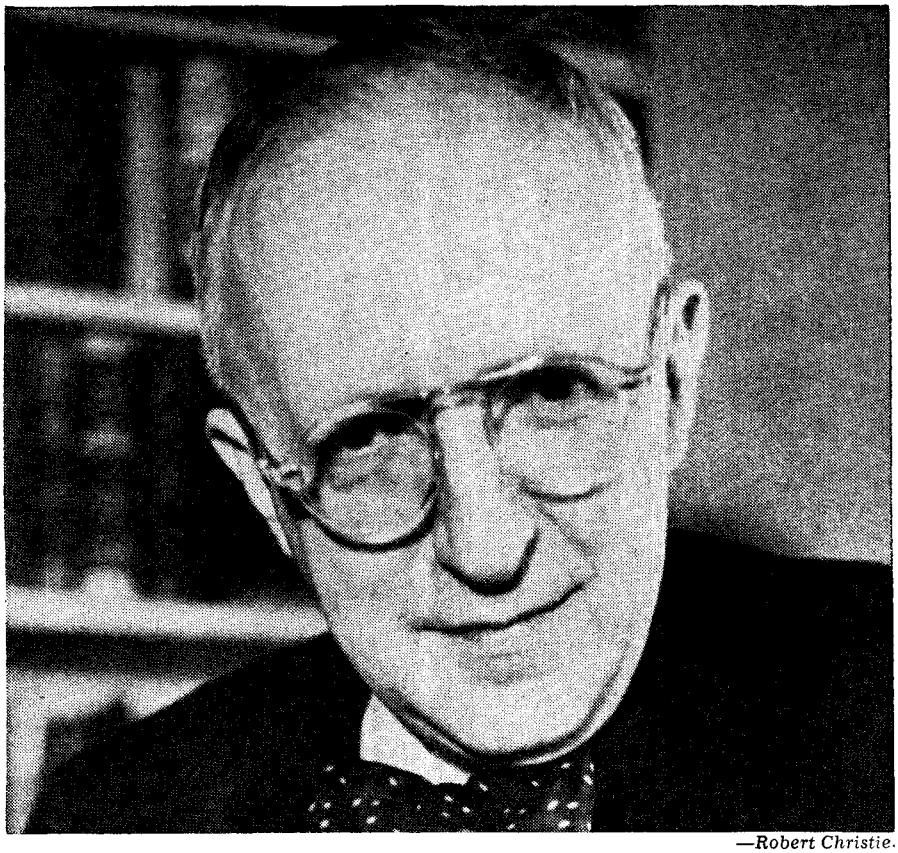

—Robert Christie.

"... despite a congenital capacity for happiness he became and remained a philosopher."

IRWIN EDMAN 1896-1954

Memoir of a Friend

On the first anniversary of Irwin Edman's untimely death SR *presents this memoir by his friend and colleague James Gutmann. Mr. Gutmann is professor of philosophy at Columbia University and succeeded Irwin Edman as chairman of the department in 1952. The Irwin Edman Fellowship is being established at Columbia to commemorate his career as teacher and scholar by assisting students of particular promise. Readers are invited to send contributions to the treasurer of the fund: Mr. Albert G. Redpath, 52 Wall Street, New York City, N. Y.*

By JAMES GUTMANN

IRWIN EDMAN was, I believe, the happiest man I have ever known. To have known him as a friend was to share richly in his happiness. Despite sorrow at the loss of such a friend great happiness remains in recollection, and so I set down some memories of him whom I knew as a friend for forty years.

The public record of his life is not without interest, though in most ways not unlike that of other academic careers. He was born in New York City, not far from the university with which his life was so intimately linked, on November 28, 1896. Educated in the New York public schools he was graduated from Townsend Harris, one of the notable group of able students which that enterprising school produced and ever an enthusiastically loyal alumnus. He received his bachelor's degree from Columbia College in 1917 and his doctorate from Columbia University three years later. In 1918 he was appointed a lecturer in the Columbia department of philosophy and remained a member of that department to the end of his life, rising through the various academic grades to become professor of philosophy in 1935. In 1950 he was awarded the distinguished Johnsonian professorship.

He also taught in many other colleges and universities in America and abroad—among others at Amherst, California, Hamilton, Harvard, the University of Brazil, the Sorbonne, Aix-en-Provence, and Oxford. He received a number of honorary doctorates and other academic awards. He enjoyed membership in Phi Beta Kappa, the Institute of Arts and Letters, the Century Association of New York, and the Athenaeum of London—the word "enjoyed" is used advisedly, for he was a truly "clubable" man and among his associations the Coffee House of New York deserves special mention. He was the author of a dozen books, including "Arts and the Man," "Four Ways of Philosophy," "The Mind of Paul," "Philosophers' Holiday," and "Philosopher's Quest," and contributor to many others.* He was an editor of several periodicals, including *The American Scholar*, and a frequent contributor to learned and popular publications.

With all these academic, pedagogical, and literary activities, with all these distinctions and honors duly recorded, what has been said about Irwin Edman? Are we to say that they constituted the basis of a singularly happy life or that he was happy in spite of them? He himself suggested that the statement which Dr. Johnson made about himself could be reversed in his case—that despite a congenital capacity for happiness he became and remained a philosopher. Perhaps it would be near the truth to say that though many gifts of nature and fortune contributed to Irwin Edman's contentment and happiness—the joys of friendships extraordinarily varied, of devoted students amazingly numerous, his own talents and those he stimulated in others, deep love of literature and music and the arts, pleasures of travel and pleasures of tranquility, wit, and laughter, he was es-

* To his bibliography there can now be added the recently published volume in Bobbs-Merrill's Makers of the American Tradition Series, "John Dewey," prepared with the collaboration of his student and colleague Professor H. S. Thayer (*SR*, Aug. 13); and also the forthcoming selections from his writings, "The Uses of Philosophy" (Simon and Schuster), edited by another former student and colleague, Professor Charles Frankel.

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sentially a philosopher and from philosophy he derived both consolation and the joy of life.

EACH of his friends surely has recollections as precious to him or her as mine are to me. If I record some that are superficially trivial or if they suggest a measure of egotism since they are *my* memories, they may to an extent be representative or help to recall other remembrances. What I would do, insofar as I can, as each may wish to do for himself, is to recapture through memory as much as possible of the sense of Irwin's presence—an essence of our friendship to take a term appropriate to him as to Plato and Santayana.

It is almost exactly forty years since I first saw Irwin Edman, though he had been known to me before that as "Irwin" in FPA's "Conning Tower." When I first met him I did not realize the identity but I can recollect the circumstances in detail. It was at a meeting of John Erskine's "Boar's Head," an undergraduate literary society of Columbia College in which I had that very day become a freshman. A high-school classmate who had entered college a half year ahead of me took me to the meeting. The minutes of the previous meeting were called for as the session opened and were read in a hesitating voice but unhesitant light-verse metres by a small, very blond sophomore. It seemed to me the unbelievably perfect climax of an exciting first day in college, the reader altogether entrancing, altogether delightful. Irwin's undergraduate verses "Measures of the Moment" remain gay and refreshing to this day.

During a summer of our college years Irwin and I went to a concert in the old Madison Square Garden—a predecessor of the Stadium Concerts, to which we went together many times in later years. The setting was odd, the music accompanied by lemonade though not, as now, by the interruption of airplanes. There were, I think, no printed programs or, at least, we had none and this led to an episode to which Irwin referred many times in later years, sometimes to my embarrassment. As the orchestra sounded the first notes of the Overture to "Die Walküre" I, it seems, turned to Irwin and told him what it was. He apparently expressed surprise at my erudition. Whether I felt flattered at the time I do not recall, but subsequently I began to suspect that my leg was being pulled. However, years later Irwin insisted that he had in no sense been teasing me, that he had, indeed, not known the music and was impressed by my knowledge. I mention this now as an indication of the nature of Irwin's largely self-taught intimacy with all manner of musical composition, his extensive musical memory, and his love of the art. It may also suggest an explanation of an item in an obituary notice, mentioning Brahms as being Irwin's "favorite composer." It seems unlikely to me that Irwin would have expressed a preference in just this way and, though I should defer to better qualified judgments, I think the very expression of this taste improbable as his serious critical comment.

Many have had the experience of Irwin bringing comic relief when serious discussion verged on solemnity, without intrusion or even diversion in one sense of that word. But how diverting Irwin could be! How often after a telephone call—even a lengthy one—Irwin would ring back for another word, many times a funny one, a funny story which had occurred to him as he hung up and which he wanted to share.

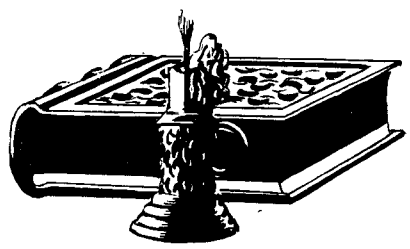
This urge to share his thoughts—whether serious or jocular or in any combination of the two—was, I think, also essential in Irwin to an extraordinary degree and a part of the genius of his career as a great teacher. His skill with words brought constant joy to all who knew him, whether as teacher or writer, and to him himself. This was as true of lecture hall and classroom as it was of his speaking on the radio, as true of his writing for the *Journal of Philosophy* as of his contributions to *The New Yorker*. In teaching as in writing his use of words seemed, and I think was, essentially spontaneous, but this does not imply lack of a high degree of professional discipline and professional conscience. He acquired early in his career the habit of productivity, of meeting printers' deadlines, and fulfilling publishers' contracts; he had the true professional's taste for the smell of printers' ink, as he had the professor's delight in the responsiveness of his students.

IRWIN's defective eyesight was compensated by his remarkable ability to repeat whole passages and pages without referring to the text. So, also, other physical disabilities not only did not interfere with but actually added to the flow of his pen or the click of his typewriter. Pages of curious typescript came out of largely sleepless nights; a bout of physical discomfort yielded light-hearted verse; an attack of grippe produced an essay or two for "Under Whatever Sky."

He could hardly wait for his readers. He loved to read aloud what he had written, managing to assemble the apparently confused pages as he went along or, at times, substituting his extraordinary memory if the confusion proved too great. Up to a point he invited and wanted criticism and suggestions but only up to a point, for he had confidence in his own taste and judgment about his work. It was, indeed, not only his own writings which he enjoyed sharing in this way. He would read aloud a newly discovered or rediscovered letter by Keats, a chapter of Dickens, or a passage from St. John of the Cross. Or it might be a Mozart aria or Monteverdi record which he wished to play, a record which like as not became a gift for the visitor since, by some strange chance, Irwin had just happened to buy a duplicate. His generosity was as expansive as his joy in the arts, which was utterly unaffected and infectious.

In Irwin Edman's first book, "Human Traits and Their Social Significance," the outlines of a view which remained characteristic of him throughout his career as writer and teacher were already apparent. I well remember the circumstances under which this book was written. It was to be his Ph.D. thesis and it was also to serve as the introductory text in

(*Continued on page 32*)



FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT NO. 636

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 636 will be found in the next issue.

ABCD B EFGBHJFG

KGHLOGH BML KBKB'H

LH JCMPNRGO SLET

B XGFKBM RGD.

TGCFD XBC ODRG.

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 635

Executive ability is deciding quickly and getting somebody else to do the work.

—J. G. POLLARD.

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Central Park West Revisited

"Marjorie Morningstar," by Herman Wouk *(Doubleday. 565 pp. $4.95), is the story of a beautiful New York middle-class Jewish girl, of her dreams of becoming an actress, and of her adventures in finding the Right Man. Meyer Levin, who reviews it here, wrote that minor classic about Jewish life in Chicago, "The Old Bunch."*

By Meyer Levin

WHO HAS not wondered, watching that fine, nice girl with her date at the theatre, and feeling that her escort is not really her destiny, who has not calculated what a fantastic sum of dates, theatres, concerts, parties, dances it sometimes takes, testing, testing, before this urban maiden meets her match? And today's testing often includes one complete affair.

This courtship story is the least common denominator of Herman Wouk's most solid achievement to date, a major novel about a nice girl called "Marjorie Morningstar." For Marjorie is that envied girl in every group, the most attractive in her college class, the one whom all the boys found intelligent as well as beautiful, the one who was going to become an actress. In short, she is the classic American heroine, and it is part of Wouk's triumph that he has made real what might have been a banal character, or even a symbol.

He has done it through the richness of her Jewish background; she lives solidly through her middle-class Jewish milieu. It is another part of Wouk's triumph that this intensely particular background is integral in the American scene, so that Marjorie remains everywoman's self-image, and everyman's "girl I didn't get."

One might view this straightforward portrait of a young girl as the counterpart of the wry and oblique 'Adventures of Augie March," for while in Augie we see the formation of a man through his series of occupations, in Marjorie we see the formation of a woman through her series of courtships. But Saul Bellow retained a bitterness toward his background, satirizing the vulgarity of Augie's well-to-do connections. Wouk writes with the warmth he displayed in "The City Boy." He has respect for his people, but he is hardly uncritical. His folkloristic scenes have more tenderness than ire. His satire is directed against those who have lost the traditional values, like the young parents who nearly wreck a Passover seder with their psychoanalytic jargon and their permissive pampering of a spoiled brat. Within this irony is a grotesque hilarity stemming from Wouk's early days as a radio gag man, for the brat has to have a satchelful of toy airplanes brought along wherever he goes—even to a seder. What happens is sheer Milton Berle.

Wouk's irony has range; it becomes heartbreaking when Marjorie's first beau, George Drobes, a Bronxite who spotted her at fifteen, tries to snag her into an engagement, after her family has moved to Central Park West and she has even been seen around with the son of the owner of Lamm's Department Store. George stakes all on a fancy dinner at the haughtiest hostelry on Long Island. From the moment when his reservation is unacknowledged to the final breakdown of his family car in the traffic-crawl back home the scene is mature Tarkington.

BUT the peak is reached in the catered affair in honor of Marjorie's kid brother's bar mitzvah. The thousand-dollar bar mitzvah dinner, a curious ritual development in modern Jewish life, has long begged for description. Wouk sets it down once and for all, with the "fancy side" of the hall for prominent connections of the Morgenstern family, and the plain side for those who still had to be invited. From the plain side to Marjorie's table, where sits his son, a highbrow novelist going by the name of Geoffrey Quill, comes Wouk's most touching character, Samson-Aaron, the Uncle. There are many uncles, but this one with the huge, shaking paunch is known as "The Uncle." A compulsive eater, he calls himself "the gobbage pail," but his great heart exceeds his stomach. Marjorie, to her credit, is not embarrassed, though he shocks Mrs. Department Store, and closes that era for Marjorie.

It is Samson-Aaron again who "saves" Marjorie from seduction, on the night she is about to give herself to the erotic, brilliant song-writer and social director of Camp South Wind. Samson-Aaron does it by dying, after

THE AUTHOR: The most prolific of post-World War II authors, Herman Wouk, formerly of the United States Navy, has sailed a million highly successful words from 1939, when he jettisoned his career as a gagwriter for Fred Allen. He has picked up a lot of booty along the way. All of his four novels—"Aurora Dawn," "The City Boy," "The Caine Mutiny," and "Marjorie Morningstar"—were tapped by the book clubs, although the *USS Caine* wasn't grabbed off until she had mutinied against her back-page reviews and began heading at full speed for the top of the best-seller list. Altogether the novel has sold more than 3,000,000 copies on this planet alone, picking up a 1952 Pulitzer Prize in the process. There have also been some plays and movies. Wouk's experiences have come in extremely handy in his writing. His first novel dealt with radio (he graduated into that from Columbia); his second, with a boy from the Bronx (he was raised there); his third, with the Navy (he served as a deck officer), and his fourth, with Central Park West, in Manhattan (he spent his teens there). At almost any time of the year Wouk can be found at his desk, with a pen poised, as they say, over a pad. "Marjorie Morningstar" demanded 100 pads of fifty pages apiece. Fifteen years ago "Marjorie Morningstar" was a one-act play—"Crisis Over Marjorie"—which Wouk, then twenty-five, wrote for amateur production. Miss Morningstar determinedly took up tenancy in his mind, however, and a couple of years ago he got started on the novel, writing it at his places in New York and Fire Island, a hotbed of creativity and swimming off Long Island. When he isn't writing he teaches at Yeshiva University, where he is a Visiting Professor of English. He gives a course in rhetoric for Orthodox rabbis. Most of the time, though, he is happily at his pad. "The writing of fiction is an agonizing but an enchanting task," he said the other day. "I am very grateful for the good fortune that has made it my livelihood. There is nothing I would rather do; and I have wanted to write long stories since I read 'Tom Sawyer' and 'Huckleberry Finn,' at the age of nine or ten."

—BERNARD KALB.

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having provided an hilarious burlesque of a bullfighter, for Fiesta Day.

The song-writer, Noel Airman, provides Marjorie with her big affair, known to their friends as the Battle of the Century. A complex character, son of Judge Ehrmann but a fugitive from orderly Jewish life, Saul (Noel) is the tragic figure of this novel. It should have been his book. He is the antagonist to the conservative principle represented by Marjorie. He lures her, but she wins in the end.

A would-be Noel Coward, Airman never quite makes it. Either his talent or his character lacks the final strength. But he has spurts of success, with graceful songs, and on the night before his Broadway show opens Marjorie at last becomes his mistress. For some months they are together. Then Noel runs away again.

Marjorie attains full womanhood in developing the courage to follow him. But in their final confrontation in Paris she realizes his essential weakness; her bondage is over. She comes home and marries a nice lawyer and becomes a "Shirley" of the suburbs, as Noel had always derisively predicted. But just as he was conservative in defending Queeg in "The Caine Mutiny," Wouk remains conservative, awarding to Marjorie's good middle-class life the palm of ultimate value. Noel Airman is destroyed with some remark about his eventually having become a third-class television writer.

In the toils of her attachment to Noel Marjorie is something of a Madame Bovary; there is also an echo of James T. Farrell's "Ellen Rogers," another girl enamored of an incomplete creative personality. And, if I may say so, there is a good deal in Marjorie Morgenstern of Sylvia Abramson of "The Old Bunch." She is not as knowing as Frederic Morton's parallel Hunter College heroine, Irene Leavis of "Asphalt and Desire." But Leavis had changed her name from Levin, as Morgenstern dreams of being Morningstar, as Ehrmann became Airman.

Marjorie, however, is never unadjusted to her Jewish life, as was Noel, and to balance the Jewish material there is Broadway, the Broadway of the would-be actress, the song-writer, and of a rising playwright, Wally Wronken, another of Marjorie's suitors. Curiously, this glamorous material, occupying the middle section of the novel, I found least alive. But the opening and final sections more than compensate for this dogged stretch.

The book has powerful after-waves. One finds oneself reviewing the five-year running battle between Marjorie and Noel. Why did Wouk choose to destroy the more creative character, Noel? His theme would seem to be that the greater creativity is in conservation of the central values of a society. This is a response to the Jewish history of survival. Marjorie, even after breaking her early taboo feeling against pork, even after learning to eat sea food, keeps a kosher house when she marries, to the point of separating meat and milk dishes.

Noel's feeling that he was really ruined by his love for Marjorie may have little justification. He may have been ruined long before, by his inability to respect his Jewish background, by his resistance to his father. Yet one does feel that a deeper, greater woman than Marjorie could have helped Noel Airman. As in "The Caine Mutiny," Wouk exercises his gift for creating a delicately balanced equation, leaving a resolution open to debate. This is a quality of extension, missing in so many of our novels.

"The result of that personality test we gave our employes indicates not only that you have great executive ability but that you're bucking for *my* job!"

Boy from Stonington

***"Jonathan Eagle," by Alexander Laing** (Duell, Sloan & Pearce. 524 pp $4.95), is a long, adventure-filled story of a Yankee sea captain in the early days of the Republic.*

By Harrison Smith

THE historical novelist who has spent many years in detailed research of the period and the location in which he is interested is often tempted to carry it too far. He is divided between his plot, his characters, and his devotion to his own interpretation of the events in which they are involved. Only a few writers are able to carry out successfully this difficult feat, and only the best of them can bring their work to a satisfactory, if prolonged, conclusion. Alexander Laing, whose "Clipper Ship Men" and "The Sea Witch" are still memorable, has chosen for his latest book, "Jonathan Eagle," the turbulent years between the end of the Revolution and the inauguration of Thomas Jefferson in 1801, the years during which the new Republic was building its merchant marine and the Federalists, led by Alexander Hamilton, were attempting to entrench an aristocracy of wealth.

Through a quarter of a million words Mr. Laing's hero holds the center of this sea-going novel. He appears in the first chapter, a nameless runaway lad, in the crabbed and God-fearing port town of Stonington, Connecticut. The inhabitants are glad to be rid of him when he runs away to sea, changing his name from Jonathan Orphan to Jonathan Eagle. There were few sea adventures of the age which Jonathan missed. He sails to the turbulent West Indies, then to the Barbary Coast, where his ship is seized by pirates. He endures years of slavery in Algiers, falls in love and spends one night with a beautiful Italian captive of high rank, and escapes from torture and death by the skin of his teeth. When he comes back to Stonington, able to command a ship, he is as difficult for the selectmen and other worthies to endure as ever. His next sea adventure carries him around the Horn to the East Indies and more deadly adventures. An almost fatal voyage leads him to the Caribbean and the bloody slave revolt in San Domingo. He is captured with his small ship and chained to the wheel, where he manages to fool his Negro commander and sail to the American instead of the French Coast. In Stonington he is charged and tried for piracy and manages to escape the

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gallows by conducting his own defense.

In the meantime Jonathan has not lost his devotion for the few people in Stonington who loved and had cared for him, principally Experience Greenleaf, a free-thinking non-conformist who has spent most of his Sundays riveted to the town stocks. He has fallen in love with the stubborn old man's lively daughter, Tamsen, who could pilot and sail a ship as well as any man. It is apparent to the reader that Jonathan will marry her some day. Mr. Laing has the obvious duty, known to all historical romancers, of keeping them apart until the last chapter by means of a somewhat threadbare and obvious device, the inability of the hero to understand that the young woman who adores him is no longer a child.

In the meantime, in spite of his long journeys, his battles, and his narrow escapes, Jonathan has come to love the country and the town which has treated him so harshly. He is off on another Atlantic voyage in command of his own sloop, and moored near Washington, when Jefferson is elected President. He is stricken by fever, and who should appear to cure him but Tamsen Greenleaf! His last effort for freedom ends, as it should, in the final page. "I suppose that everything depends on us," he tells her. "Of course," she says. "Don't you understand now why we just have to be together?" He stands breathing the musky scent of his girl's hair and thinks "No other way at any turning could have led me to this. . . .". After 523 pages what more could a reader ask?

Notes

VICTIM OF SALVATION: In a pungent and pertinent first novel called **"The Revelations of Dr. Modesto"** (Knopf, $3.50 Alan Harrington bids fair to fill the shoes left conspicuously empty by the untimely death of Nathaniel West. The book's lamentable hero is young Hal Hingham, an insurance salesman for Arcadia Life. He is the sort of dreary failure to whom all the advertisements for "spiritual" panaceas beam their promises of mail-order salvation, until one day he answers just such an ad and becomes a disciple of Dr. Modesto, whose doctrine of Centralism (the *reductio ad absurdam* of other-directedness) guarantees that to win everybody's love one need only become just like everyone else. Thus Hal unknowingly begins a process which C. Wright Mills has called "death by adaptation." Taking the weird Centralist's Walk through the city's streets, he is

(*Continued on page 32*)

SHADOW OF THE KREMLIN

—*Ewing Galloway*

"Siberia: a centripetal force that draws in all the flotsam and jetsam of history."

Hinterland of the Russias

"Cradle of Conquerors: Siberia," by Erwin Lessner *(Doubleday. 774 pp. $7.50), tells the story, from ancient times to three decades ago, of a vast land whose name has always spelled terror. Below it is reviewed by Professor Ernest J. Simmons of Columbia University's Russian Institute.*

By Ernest J. Simmons

ERWIN LESSNER opens his new book "Cradle of Conquerors" with a bang: "This is the story of a land whose very name spells terror and invokes images of arid, icy wasteland dominated by howling, demonic elements that bestir man's worst passions and unite with them to make Siberia a terrestrial inferno, an anteroom to Satan's own torture chamber of affliction and eternal remorse. And yet Siberia is one of the most beautiful countries in the world, whose sight should stimulate the devout admiration of any receptive human and whose procreative munificence could give a happy life of plenty to five times as many people as have ever vegetated there in fear, hatred, and want."

Many hundreds of pages later, however, the book closes with something less than a whimper: "For the better part of 5,000 years of surmised, intimated, and recorded history Siberia had groped its sinister path, from time to time engulfing other parts and peoples of the world in its flaring-up caldron. Siberia, abandoned by the foreigners, again groped its path, the caldron blazing under a thin cover of deception—hot, growing hotter, sheer unextinguishable, insatiable in its voracious appetite for fuel."

These two quotations are perhaps justifiable in a brief review, for they at once suggest the tone and describe the thematic scope of this vast effort to tell the whole story of Siberia from prehistoric times up to the end of the First World War. History may be a gaily bedecked courtesan, wantoning her way through the corridors of the world for men's entertainment, or history may be a severely garbed maiden, heedful of proprieties and carefully exact in all her relations with man. Mr. Lessner's history aims to entertain.

His style does not sustain the crescendos indicated in the quotations above, but he rarely dwindles into pianissimos. And one is vaguely troubled by unsupported statistical assertions, such as the thirty million

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people Genghis Khan's armies are said to have killed in their thirteenth-century conquests, or that the fortune of the Stroganoff family in Siberia was worth fifty billions of dollars in modern values, or that the Crimean Tatars, after sacking Moscow in 1570, carried off 100,000 Russian girls and women who were in demand in Turkish harems. Then, too, this kind of history has plenty of room for what the newspapers describe as the "human-interest angle," such as the description of how Khan Gaikatu had been sent into semi-exile, "because of his corruption, his shiftless pederasty, and many other vices," or the story of the Hetman who "specialized in the capture of virgins, guaranteed untouched, for delivery to Oriental markets. . . ."

Then there is the question of sources. Very few are mentioned in the text of the first half of the book, several more in the latter. One can understand if not appreciate the fear of murdering reader-interest by resorting to footnotes to support the use of evidence, but in a subject as consequential and huge as this, in which a wealth of source material running from the fantastic to the documentary is available, at least an introductory statement, in which the bulk of this material is surveyed, evaluated, and the chief dependence of the author indicated, is essential if authoritativeness is to be achieved.

THE second half of the book, devoted to the Russian conquest and colonization of Siberia, is by far the most valuable. At this stage of the narrative, however, Siberia becomes a kind of centripetal force that draws into its orbit, for the author, all the flotsam and jetsam of world history. Siberia is lost sight of again and again in detailed accounts of Russian monarchs, the Decembrist Revolt, in the stories of Bering, Baranov, and other travelers, in the history of China and Japan, and the Russo-Japanese War.

In keeping with the current fashion, the Russians become the special demons in the colonization of Siberia. One keeps wondering how anything constructive ever got done in the settling of a vast territory that required the utmost exertions of men under frontier conditions of life.

One of the most interesting sections of the book is the tragic story of Admiral Kolchak's career in Siberia at the time of the 1917 Revolution. After covering so many centuries, however, it is a pity that Mr. Lessner's fortitude did not sustain him through a mere thirty more years, possibly the most significant of all—the Soviet period.

Spain's Modern Agony

"Communism and the Spanish Civil War," by David T. Cattell *(University of California Press. 290 pp. $3.75), is the first volume of a two-volume study of the significance of the Spanish Civil War in the development of Communist tactics and Russian strategy. Leigh White, who reviews it here, was a correspondent in Republican Spain during most of the civil war.*

By Leigh White

SIXTEEN years have elapsed since the Nationalists under General Franco defeated the last defenders of the Spanish Republic, yet the outcome of the civil war remains a mystery to many foreigners, and particularly to Americans. Was it, as some of us believed, a struggle between "democracy" and Fascism? Or was it, as others believed, a struggle between Christendom and Communism?

David T. Cattell, of the University of California, has solved at least a part of the mystery by publishing the first objective study of the extent and nature of Russia's intervention. He is not entirely without prejudice, especially insofar as Franco and his supporters are concerned, but by and large he has analyzed the evidence with scholarly detachment and drawn his conclusions in better than the average political scientist's prose.

Proceeding from the tenable if debatable thesis that the causes of the civil war were almost wholly domestic, Mr. Cattell contends that it became an international conflict only because of the growing hostility between Russia on the one hand and Germany and Italy on the other. It was the result neither of a Red plot nor of a Fascist coup but rather, he believes, of a "spontaneous combustion" of social and economic contradictions peculiar to Spain. Communist influence over the Republican government, negligible at first, increased in proportion as Russian "aid" (in the form of trucks, airplanes, machine guns, political commissars, and secret agents) increased, and as the unresolved differences between the Anarchists, Socialists, Separatists, and simon-pure Republicans threatened to degenerate into a civil war within a civil war.

The result was that continuing miracle the Popular Front, in which few but the Communists really believed, and in which even they believed on insofar as it served their dialectic purposes. Not even Stalin seems have believed that the Republica could win unless the Western Powe intervened to ensure their victory, b he continued to aid them, accordi to Mr. Cattell, for two reasons. H hoped that by prolonging the civil w he could ally the West on Russia side against the Axis. And he felt h could make a better deal with Hitler he could demonstrate the Comintern ability to mobilize intellectuals i every country in defense of Spanis "democracy." That he succeeded i doing both in reverse order was du in large part, Mr. Cattell believes, t the fact that the Comintern wa able, through the Spanish Communi Party and its numerous fronts, t unify the disparate groups supportin the Republic by means of infiltratio propaganda, and terror.

RUSSIA's military aid to the Republi was paid for many times over at th cost of bankrupting the Spanish treas ury and prolonging a war that migh otherwise have ended rather quickly It amounted during the first year t about half the arms and ammunitio used by the Republic and almost al its tanks and airplanes. It is not fai in Mr. Cattell's opinion, to blame th Communists, as so many Spanis refugees have done, for the Republic' military defeat. Yet it is certainly no unfair, in my opinion, to blame then for so distorting the Republic's "demo cratic" objectives that even Mr. Cattel is at a loss to explain why the diehard

(*Continued on page* 31)

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ERSONAL HISTORY

Enigma of the Sands

Lawrence—"genius and mountebank."

"The Desert and the Stars," by Flora Armitage *(Henry Holt. 318 pp. $4), is a biography of Thomas Edward Lawrence, leader of the revolt in the Arabian desert during the First World War. It is reviewed here by Professor Emil Lengyel of New York University, author of "World Without End: The Middle East" and other books.*

By Emil Lengyel

WITH becoming immodesty, George Bernard Shaw once wrote about himself and Lawrence of Arabia: "With the single doubtful exception of myself no man of our time has had such a power of tempting journalists and even diplomatists to tell lies about him as Lawrence."

The Lawrence Legend, truth and phantasy, is growing at an accelerated rate. A controversial figure always, the Lawrence of today is even more so than the Lawrence of yesterday. Earlier this year Richard Aldington wrote about him devastatingly in his "Lawrence of Arabia: A Biographical Enquiry," which caused anguished outcries in England. (American publication is promised for later this year.) Aldington has sought to topple Lawrence from his pedestal, and accused him of "systematic falsification." Lawrence was to him the perpetrator of the century's greatest hoax.

Now along comes Flora Armitage and gives us an entirely different Lawrence, one we have never seen before. She manifests scant interest in Lawrence the leader of the Arab revolt in the desert against the Turks during the First World War. Her interest is mainly in his life at home in the company of four brothers, at school, his early career as a youthful archeologist probing into Hittite history at Carchemish. She is interested in Lawrence the "Schoengeist," music lover and connoisseur of exotic poetry, the friend of Hardy, Graves, and Shaw. Also, she wonders about his enigmatic reactions to sex. Was he really a woman-hater? Was he a homosexual?

The story of how the young Oxford scholar became the leader of Arab tribesmen in the desert is a fantastic yarn which has provided Lawrence with the matchless setting to become the hero of a twentieth-century version of the Arabian Nights. The most fertile poetic fancy could not have created a more perfect character for a modern saga. He was full of the most exciting contradictions, besides being controversial. Also he was a man of genius. Was he really shy or was his shyness a pose to keep him in the full blaze of the limelight? Undersized and seemingly frail, he yet became the idolized leader of untamed Arab stalwarts, endowed with incredible endurance. A man of feverish action, he retired from leadership into the privates' barracks as Aircraftman T. E. Shaw, not the legendary colonel or the fabulous Lawrence. This destroyer of Turkish railway lines was a sensitive poet and his "The Seven Pillars of Wisdom" is considered a classic. Then came his early death in a fatal motorcycle accident twenty years ago.

Miss Armitage corroborates Mr. Aldington's "revelation" that Lawrence and his brothers were illegitimate children of their upper-middle-class parents. His father had not been able to win a divorce from his legal wife. This "secret," we are told, played a major role in T. E.'s life, sucking him into empty wastes a million miles from English respectability.

The family situation may have been the motive behind Lawrence's strange attitude toward sex. Miss Armitage quotes him as writing that marriage was "prostitution *à la carte*," flesh was the arch-foe, and that the act of physical love was grotesque. He sought emotional, not physical, compensation which he found in friendships and creative writing.

Lawrence has been suspected of homosexuality partly on the evidence of his famous book, in which he described the ecstatic attachment of Farraj and Daud, the boy lovers, and painted an alluring portrait of Dahoum, his own little Arab friend. Miss Armitage interprets these passages somewhat mystically as "poetic figures, Greek in sympathy." Not too convincing an interpretation, perhaps, but Lawrence may have served as an illustration in the Jung school of psychology—driving force, libido, creating the creative man.

It is unusual to read a book about Lawrence in which the desert warfare is glossed over. Yet, no lesser an authority than Liddell Hard, in his penetrating study "Colonel Lawrence: The Man Behind the Legend," sought to show a score of years ago that in some ways of strategy Lawrence was more than the equal of Napoleon the Great. Miss Armitage, on the other hand, believes that Lawrence's wartime exploits may have been unduly magnified by Lowell Thomas.

WITH one of the pivots of the career of Lawrence being omitted, the portrait painted by Miss Armitage is somewhat misty. Perhaps this is as it should be. Lawrence was elusive, because he was a bundle of contradiction, a genius and a mountebank, Napoleon and Baron Münchausen as well. The virtue of this book is that Miss Armitage has no axe to grind. She tries to show Lawrence partly through his letters, which are often intriguing, sometimes cryptic, nearly always elusive.

The author has been handicapped by her inadequate knowledge of the map of the Middle East and the history of the region. The river Euphrates does not mark the boundary between Syria and Iraq, as she says, and Aqaba is not near the wrecked Hedjaz Railway. Emir Abdulla could not have possibly gone north on that line from Mecca, since it had never been built beyond Medina. Also, there were no Latin Kingdoms in the Levant before the crusaders' days.

In spite of these handicaps this book should serve well as a popular introduction to a better understanding of the enigmatic Lawrence. Contrary to his detractors, history will probably agree with the tribute one of his admirers, Winston Churchill, paid him in the book "T. E. Lawrence, By His Friends." "I deem him," Mr. Churchill wrote, "one of the greatest beings alive in our time."

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Ghetto Boyhood

"The Great Fair," by Sholom Aleichem *(translated by Tamara Kahana. Noonday Press. 306 pp. $3.75), is an autobiographical account of his boyhood and youth, spent in the ghettoes of Czarist Russia, by a man who grew up to be a great Yiddish writer. Here it is reviewed by Professor Ludwig Lewisohn of Brandeis University.*

By Ludwig Lewisohn

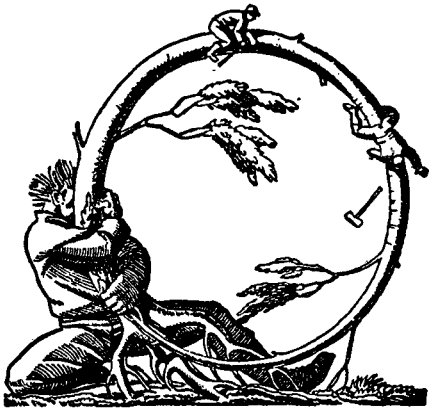
IT IS an immense pity that Sholom Aleichem (Rabinowitz), the most admired and most admirable of the classical trio of Yiddish writers, did not live to finish his autobiography. It would, at the rate of the account of his childhood and early boyhood given in "The Great Fair," have run to many volumes. And they would all have been precious volumes. For this is a new kind of autobiography. The subject is the center and at the center. But his chief concern is with the life that surrounded him and with the people who influenced him and he tells of himself through the medium of the life and the people—in terms of that life and those who made it up.

Now that life and those people are different, fundamentally different, from any other in history. Even in the early years of Sholom Aleichem, when the so-called enlightenment was beginning to break in and corrupt the traditional sanctities, these Jews of Eastern Europe constituted a unique society. There were rogues enough. But these were individuals with a perfect realization that they were rogues, breakers of laws, defilers of sanctities which they never dreamed of not acknowledging. As nearly all the other societies of man have been unredeemed societies, sprinkled with saints, so this was a redeemed society sprinkled with rogues. The boy Sholom Rabinowitz and his playmates slighted the three daily devotions and even occasionally desecrated the Sabbath. But they never really dropped out of the consecrated framework or dreamed of doing so and at every moment of heightened emotion and heightened responsibility instantly reallied themselves joyously with that sanctification of life, of the whole of life, by which their community lived.

SUCH was the character of the community delineated here. The method is by way of anecdote and characterization. A large group of boys and of men and women emerges clearly and definitely. And nearly all the characterizations have edge and definiteness. The poverty of the people was great and cruel. But since the confessed aim of life was suprasensual and beyond the material, the struggle with this prevalent poverty was as unique as the entire society. Dreams and legends figured forth an easier and a richer world. The actual efforts made toward any practical improvement were feeble and eccentric and nearly everyone lapsed back into resignation and the fervors of piety. Thence arose, of course, many "bitter hearts," especially among the women, and bitter tongues. Yet these serve only to heighten the edge and sharpness of all that is described.

Sholom Aleichem's stock of people and stories, moreover, gives the impression of the inexhaustible. One story leads him to another; one especially strange and gnarled character reminds him of others. He sees them all quite starkly, yet with an endless kindness, with a compassion which avoids softness. He himself became, as did all the men of his generation, an "enlightener," a Westerner, so to speak, one who intellectually could no longer wholly consent to the society of his early years. But deep within him was an endless tenderness for these people and this society and an innermost conviction that these oppressed and humiliated Jews of the old Czarist times were the bearers of incomparable and immortal values. It is this conviction which shines through the text. It gives seriousness to the humor, illumination to physical sordidness, epic depth to the anecdotal method.

It is a pity that the translation is so awkward. Sholom Aleichem's Yiddish is, doubtless, a folk tongue. English dialect terms or even judiciously used archaisms might be employed in translation. But, of all things, not mere vulgarisms, like "dumbbell," "measly," or such locutions as "knock on wood" or "drink hearty," which come from wholly different moral and linguistic atmospheres.



—From "It's Me O Lord."

A Full Life

"It's Me O Lord," by Rockwel Kent *(Dodd, Mead. 617 pp. $10), i the autobiography of a man who ha achieved distinction as an illustrato and painter, and has had careers als as explorer, farmer, sailor, etc. Virgi Barker, our reviewer, is the author o "American Painting: History and In terpretation."*

By Virgil Barker

ROCKWELL KENT'S self-termec autobiography, "It's Me O Lord,' is the detailed but far from complete account of a great many episodes ir the very full life of a very romantic person. Since the episodes frequently involve his important contemporaries his narrative is also a spirited chronicle of a very romantic half-century of life in the United States. Mr. Kent's immense zest for different and sometimes competing activities gives the book an air of confusion as well as of bustle; compared to the usual double-strand existence of earning and spending, Mr. Kent's career wears a look of almost renaissant richness and excitement. Apparently he is gifted (or burdened) with total recall. Apparently, too, he is willing to write it all out. But he is doomed to incompleteness by two things: regard for the feeling of a few persons still alive and the expressed unwillingness of his publisher to make a long book even longer.

Outsiders who can be at least theoretically indifferent to such considerations might well wish for more. Though this book has flaws in the telling—a few dull patches, unnecessary changes of tense which do not actually enliven, rather frequent changes of pronoun, marking awkward resumptions after breaks in composition—the literary virtue of liveliness dominates the whole. The changes of occupation, the often convulsive relations with others, work and play, men and women and landscapes—these things whip past like vivid train glimpses. Total recall and an animated manner are certainly effective for reminiscences, but how about autobiography?

After reading this book and all of its predecessors except one I still ask myself: Who is Rockwell Kent? There seems to be plenty of material on which a speculative amateur in psychology could construct his own answer. I don't find the answer convincingly spelled out in Mr. Kent's own words. I think it is quite likely that he doesn't really know. At several points

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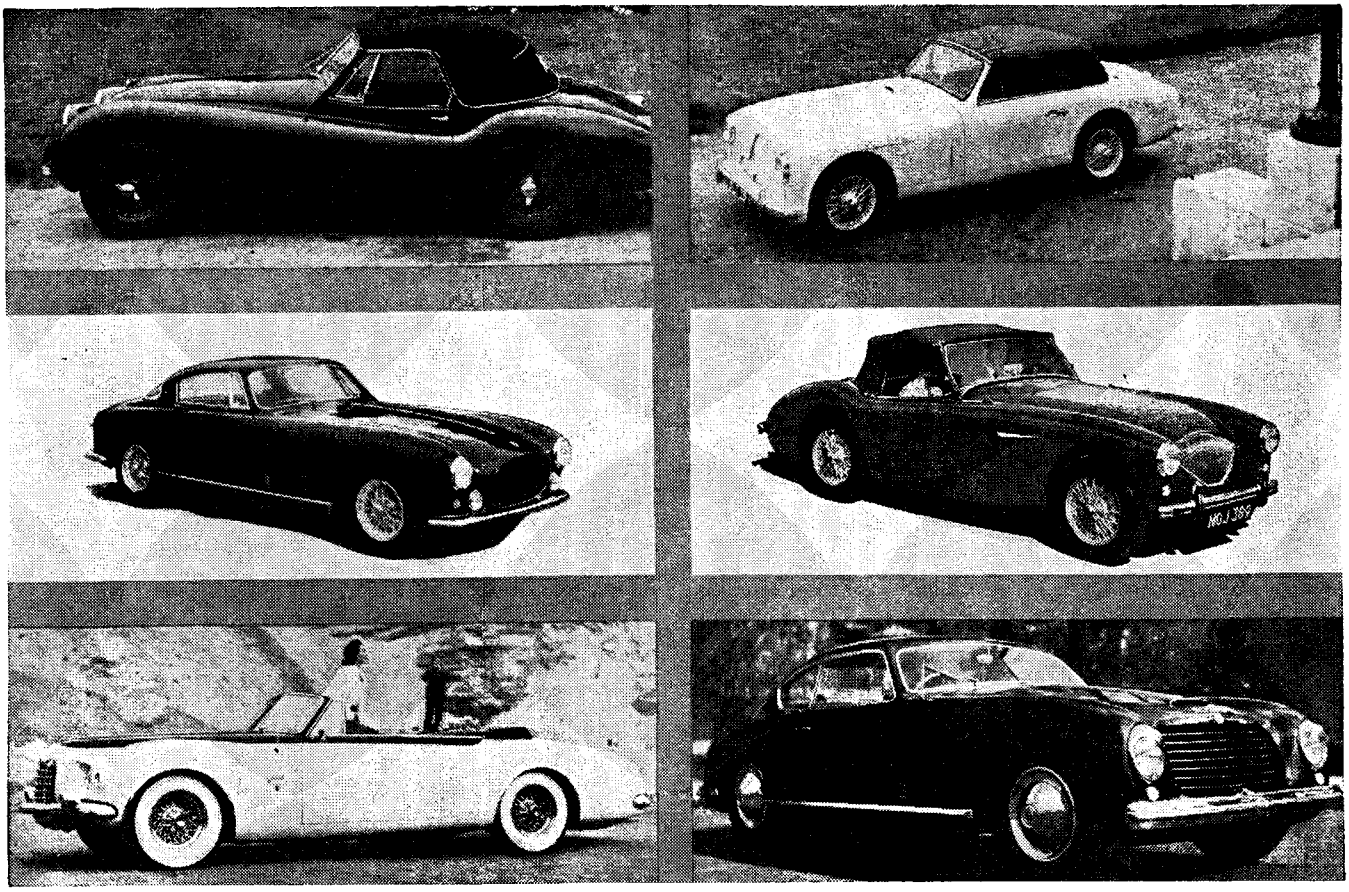

HOW'S YOUR SPORTS CAR I.Q.? Few new national pastimes have become more conspicuous in the past few years than the national pastime of owning and driving a sports car. And even for ordinary citizens who drive nothing sportier than a '49 Ford the new craze has provided a pleasant and interesting by-product, for no Sunday drive is complete these days unless you come across at least one foreign model whose name and origin you have never heard of. Now Random House, taking note of the trend, has published a handsome volume, by John Wheelock Freeman, called **"Sports Cars"** ($12.50) and containing more than 250 illustrations of a great variety of sports cars, six of which are shown here. Can you guess their nationalities and their names? For answers turn page upside down.

in this book he pauses for a brief but formal analysis or description of the person to whom the events have been happening. Each time the gist of the passage is a simple affirmation of unchanging identity—loyalty to love in changing beloveds, loyalty to art in *not* changing either manner or concept, and again on the other hand loyalty to Socialism in accepting its Russian transformation as being still Socialism. It seems to me a highly romantic idea to think of oneself as the same yesterday and today and forever.

The fourth Book, consisting of two hundred pages, best demonstrates what seems to me Mr. Kent's refusal to submit to the "autobiographical" process of life. It recounts the last thirty years with emphasis upon his personally courageous but personally disastrous political activities. He proudly calls his concern with injustice to others a "weakness of character"; this is consistent with his frequent use of humorously tinged self-deprecation as a more tolerable form of self-justification. The basic generosity of Mr. Kent's motives is so clear and strong that one doesn't mind Mr. Kent himself saying so. But in a mixed world the same kind of act may be good or bad according to circumstances, though the motive may be the same.

In picture-making Mr. Kent has contributed an extremely influential personalized manner in the field of black-and-white illustration; in this he has developed his basic skill as an architectural draftsman into fluency, even suppleness, of line and into boldness, even impressiveness, of contrasted light-and-dark. In this book 170 examples are repeated from the past and ninety-six new ones added. On inset pages three lithographs and two sets of tableware are given, and fifty-six reproductions of oil paintings, which suffer from a weakening grayness of tone. But there are also eight good color reproductions of oils from Monhegan and the more remote regions visited by the painter in his search for what he once called "the rhythms of eternity." If these are successfully communicated in visual terms, they can give the imagination the conviction of reality in the art. But is this aim compatible with the visual realism which Mr. Kent thinks is the distinguishing characteristic of his painting? For my part, I don't see in his oils either reality or realism. I see only the mannerism of a vision imposed by the painter upon all his material—a mannerism quite as obvious as that in black-and-white, but much less appropriate to the medium. The earlier a painting is in Mr. Kent's career the better it is likely to be; he was then more willing for the physical substance of pigment to remain visible and pleasure-giving in impasto and brushwork.

The sports cars shown here are:
British Jaguar *(upper left)*;
Italian Ferrari *(left center)*;
U.S. experimental Chrysler *(lower left)*;
British Aston-Martin *(upper right)*;
British Austin-Healey *(right center)*;
Italian Alfa-Romeo Type 2500-C *(lower right)*.

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Are Subversives Really Subversive?

THERE is much to suggest that the impassioned pursuit of "internal security" is subsiding. The voice of the Senator from Wisconsin has been strangely muted; former Senator Cain has spoken up resoundingly (and unexpectedly) for the old verities of due process; Harvey Matusow, whatever his motives, has shaken the political-informer system; and even the Department of Justice has made certain minor and tacit admissions of past error.

But the massive edifice of "internal security" built up over the past ten years stands virtually unimpaired. People are still being hauled up by the hundreds, if not the thousands, before secret tribunals on anonymous charges of "security risk"; they are being suspended and often fired not only from Federal employment ("a privilege and not a right") but from jobs in great areas of wholly private employment in the defense and maritime industries as well. A large part of the FBI's activities are still those of a secret political police; and it is asking authority from Congress to extend its pursuit of potential (not actual) spies, saboteurs, and "subversives" through further wide areas of private industry. And the Attorney General is still clinging as doggedly as ever to the basic rationale, the still unproven assumptions, on which this remarkable structure rests.

This appears very plainly from the stenographically recorded interview—"Shall Doors Be Opened to Spies and Subversives?"—which Brownell gave recently to *The U.S. News and World Report*. Under the friendly questioning of his interlocutors the chief legal officer of the United States drew a fairly clear picture of the political police structure over which he presides. It is engaged, as Brownell frankly puts it, on a "drive to exterminate the Communist Party and Communist espionage in this country." To these ends it feels it necessary to use the eavesdropper (or wiretapper), the police "plant," the paid informer, the anonymous accuser, the protected volunteer gossip, the self-incriminatory oath, the secret trial and conviction—the immemorial and probably indispensable weapons of any war upon heresy. All are repugnant to a society which founded its institutions upon a belief that heresy (whether political or religious) was no longer of importance to government and heretical opinion no longer a proper subject of governmental concern. Nor has the Attorney General any direct legal mandate to "exterminate the Communist Party." But he defends this structure of inquisition and extirpation on the grounds of the overriding national interest in the face of extreme peril.

There are probably few today who could deny that American Communism does actually represent what can only be described as a political heresy, and that as such it raises some dangers. It operates by concealment, misrepresentation, confusion of issues, and clandestine infiltrations; its first allegiance seems always to a hostile foreign power; it has probably somewhat facilitated (though of this we have had no proof in recent years) the espionage operations which that power, like most others, of course carries on here. Because of these unpleasant characteristics it cannot be treated like an ordinary political party, or even an extreme radic schism which remains within the bas postulates of American politics. seems to demand at least some co trols beyond those normally appli to political thought and action in th country; while if one grants that not ing less than extirpation will suffic then one must be ready to accept th methods of inquisition and though policing which communities have a ways applied to the extirpation heretical belief.

BUT is there anything in fact sustain the necessity for such extren measures, or to substantiate the A torney General's picture of the peri from which he is defending us? H grants that the internal security sy tem is often at variance with estal lished ideas of individual right; bu he insists that in such cases "the ger eral welfare of all our people is para mount to any one individual," ar that no individual's rights may exter farther than is "consistent with na tional security." It is a "solemn obl gation" not simply to take precautior against Communism but to tak "every possible precaution to safe guard against any disaster that coul result from disloyal people or thos who are security risks being place in any position where irreparabl harm could result"—however sligh apparently, that "irreparable" harn might be.

Those who have been inclined t question such sweeping claims to ir responsible police power are brusque ly divided by the Attorney Genera into two groups: "the Communis conspiracy, their apologists, and dupes and "sincere persons who have neve been confronted with the awesom responsibility for internal security an who do not know the hard facts." Bu if there are any "hard" facts whic remain unknown it is mainly becaus of the persistent unwillingness or in ability in the Government to give straight account of them. One neve receives from the Attorney Genera or similar spokesmen anything per mitting a concrete estimate of the ex tent or danger of Soviet espionage i this country, of the degree to whic the Communist heresy is in fact pro moting espionage, of the extent t which it has installed or may instal "trained saboteurs" in vital industries

One receives only such vague an at times almost preposterous generali ties as the Attorney General onc more repeats here, as in the statemen that even the few Communists re maining in the country (Party mem bership is estimated to be down t about 23,000) are a peril becaus similar small Communist groups i

(*Continued on page* 33)

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

0,000 HUNGRY MOUTHS

AUL S. HENSHAW'S ARTICLE "80,000 Hungry louths a Day" [*SR* Aug. 13] is a piece specious Malthusian potboiling. I don't ke the claim: "An economic approach dynamic in that *it gears population* ny italics] to productivity." It is far asier to gear production to population ıan to reverse the process. The hunger ow in the world, or any that may be ereafter, is and will be due to human upidity in economic organization rather ıan to an insuperable tendency of man increase his numbers. Besides, it is betray a lack of knowledge of social ıd historical facts to say that "as far s we know no religion or other organ- ation advocates carrying childbearing the point of imposing humiliating overty upon the family." Had some not ıere would have been no more than 00 million Chinese, 150 million East ıdians, and twenty-five million Japanese ı the world today. To one representative f a certain religious faith I charged ıat he and his cohorts were doing pre- isely that. He snapped at me, "So what! Ve are not interested in the material ut in the spiritual side of life."

The job ahead requires us to quit ıoaning about our lack of new frontiers, nd to get busy erecting a technological ıachine to produce the sustenance we eed. Then we shall find it necessary to onstruct an economic and political in- ercourse system which will allow people o exchange surpluses to offset deficits. Ve cannot feed the world by the method f killing, restricting, and starving the opulation to fit the economic order.

OTIS DURANT DUNCAN.

Stillwater, Okla.

A FATHERHOOD TAX

WHY NOT IMPOSE heavy taxes on families arger than three in those countries where overpopulation is at crisis? Since the tate can't feed all the people let those amilies who take an unduly large cut f the resources pay for doing so. The noney collected could be earmarked for ood imports.

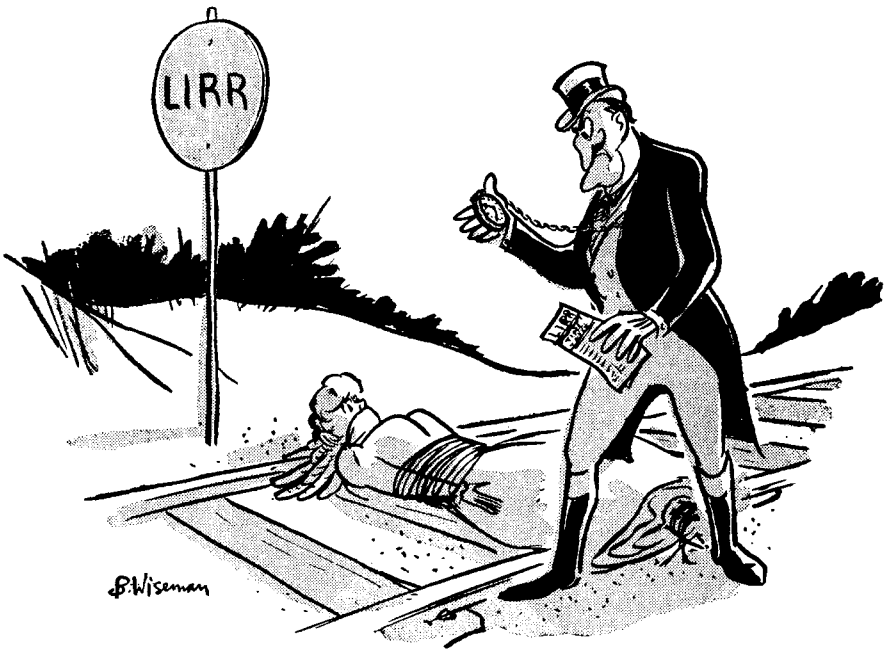
GEORGE WASH, M.D.

Chicopee Falls, Massachusetts

EAD-IT-YOURSELF

SR is to be commended for trying to take uch an objective stand on such a sub- ective book as "Why Johnny Can't Read," by Rudolf Flesch ["Teaching ohnny to Read," *SR* July 30]. My thanks go to Professor Emmett Albert Betts, who wrote with great equanimity on many of the ideas that most of the rest of us who feel the same could only have ex- pressed in language as loaded as Flesch's.

I do feel, though, that Betts minimizes he danger of this how-to-do-it-yourself book, with its implicit attitude of "be- tween you and me, we can straighten out hose imbeciles who presume to teach the youth of America." "You paint your liv-



ing room," Flesch says. Does he have any idea of how many people call in profes- sional painters before the job is done? Unfortunately, a teacher can't clear up the mental debris as easily as the painter cleans up a botch job. Reading, just as language itself, is a psychological rather than a logical phenomenon, but, of course, since *everybody* knows *all* about psychol- ogy, why not, through this book, let *everybody* know all about reading? If war is really "too serious a matter to be left to the generals," as the preface to the book states, some of us would still be advising a famous leader that a winter at Valley Forge would decimate his troops. Thank heaven, in time of war we have able men trained in military strategy. Thank heaven, too, that our teachers have produced the high literacy rate of which this country so rightfully boasts.

MRS. ROBERT M. LATZER.

Summit, N. J.

THE HIGHEST ART

LAST SPRING, toward the end of his first school year, our seven-year-old son Ted- dy made a comment that seems pertinent to the discussion aroused by Dr. Flesch's book. "This stuff is just too dumb," Teddy said, tossing aside his first-grade reader. "It's only fit for babies." My interest aroused, I took the time to go through his reader. I am afraid he was all too right. It occurred to me then that in stimulating children to learn to read, the disciplines of the educator, important as they are, are no substitute for the art of the storyteller.

WAYNE KEARL.

San Antonio, Tex.

NO MORE WILDERNESS

ALTHOUGH I ATTENDED a State Teacher's College, I taught only one year, 1943-1944. I was utterly appalled by pupils in the third, fourth, and fifth grades who couldn't begin to comprehend the books which they were supposed to be reading.

I became so incensed by the flagrant misuse of the techniques of teaching read- ing that I wrote an article which was pub- lished in the *Maine Teachers' Digest* in the winter of 1944. At that time the harm- ful effects of this method of teaching reading had not yet been felt in high schools and colleges as the system was not too widespread. Therefore, I received a storm of protest from teachers who at that time were fully in accord with the method.

Time has brought many changes as well as a flood of remedial reading classes and so I believe that the timing of Mr. Flesch's book was excellent. Eleven years ago I was a voice crying in the wilderness, but today an overwhelming number of teachers, parents, and pupils are with me. It would appear that the lone "stand outers" are the so-called "educators" who perpetrated this system in the first place.

LORNA STARBIRD.

Brockton, Mass.

OUR TROUBLED CONSCIENCE

I THINK that the editorial "Hiroshima Ten Years After" [*SR* Aug. 6] is a fine discussion, much in line with recent lit- erature on the Hiroshima incident. Where *SR* differed dramatically was in meeting the moral and ethical question of the Great American Conscience. The lack of discussion of this side of the incident has been very noticeable. If the American people have a conscience it must be troubled. We deserve an airing of all state papers which might throw a light on this subject.

H. S. OSGOOD.

Kirkland, Wash.

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American Playwrights Self-Appraised

PLAYWRIGHT (Age)	WHAT WOULD YOU ADVISE SOMEONE WHO WANTS TO MAKE PLAYWRITING HIS PROFESSION?	WHAT STEPS MIGHT BE TAKEN TO ENCOURAGE THE WRITING OF BETTER PLAYS?
PERCY MACKAYE (80)	Self-advice excels advice of others. Ask "Have I a valid reason for being a writer?" and then act in accordance with your own answer.	The source of better plays is the will of the playwright. If he has the wi society can aid him—and itself—by providing theatres from which th incentive of financial profit has been eradicated.
MAXWELL ANDERSON (67)	If you want to write, write, but do not talk about it. Be insanely certain of yourself and sanely critical of all you do.	An era of great plays seems to be something that happens in a country whe that country believes itself to be on top of the world—as Athens felt afte Marathon, and England felt after the defeat of the Armada; and Ireland afte it began to believe it would be free.
ELMER RICE (63)	Write with integrity about something you understand and believe in. Remember that playwriting is an art and Broadway production is a business, and that there is no determinable relationship between artistic merit and commercial success. Be prepared for heartbreak. Inherit or marry money.	Establishment of world peace and effective world government.
PAUL GREEN (61)	Read and read plays, see and see plays—the best—and make the stay in Hollywood as short as possible. Act some, direct some, help paint scenery, etc. Soak up the backstage atmosphere and doings where the unions will allow. And write some every day.	More little-theatre groups, better and recognized courses in playwriting an drama appreciation in our colleges, repertory on Broadway and in the bi cities, kinder critics who can encourage some rather than damn (damnatio is likely to come anyway), and how about us all working for a departmen of fine arts in the Government?
THORNTON WILDER (58)	Work backstage—as actor, stage manager, stagehand. An hour working there is worth a hundred as a member of the audience.	Giving every support to the off-Broadway theatre.
F. HUGH HERBERT (58)	*Fall in love with a theme, a few good situations,* and with your protagonist. If she's a young girl fall madly in love with her. Then write about her, honestly, validly, with passion and compassion, always bearing in mind that there's a wide healthy streak of bitchiness in any female worth a damn.	1) *Watch TV for a thousand "don'ts."* 1) Watch TV when a Paddy Chayefsky play is telecast. 3) Go thou and do likewise.
JOHN VAN DRUTEN (54)	Read plays, see plays, think plays, talk plays: read all good dramatic criticism. Never stop being interested in and aware of the theatre.	A New York equivalent of the London Sunday-night producing societies and of the suburban repertory theatres, where not necessarily commercial plays can be well presented by distinguished casts.
PAUL OSBORN (54)	Read carefully, thoroughly, and with understanding Aristotle's "Poetics."	The more discriminating the public becomes, the more it will discourage "bad" plays—thus forcing the playwright to write "better" plays.
EDWARD CHODOROV (51)	Make sure that you *have* the knack of writing a play—it *is* a knack, like prestidigitation or acting—not an intellectual accomplishment. I know one fellow, a critic, who is trying to be a playwright via the "adaptation from the foreign" route. He has failed miserably, although he has chosen plays that were striking successes abroad. He simply cannot make even a literal translation come off because he is simply anti-theatre in his writing—and he is *so* intelligent and writes *so* beautifully about the theatre.	The influence of the critics of the New York newspapers and such periodicals as *The Saturday Review* and *The New Yorker* is great over the pre-writing thinking of playwrights. Most of us know that at least two important critics scream like infuriated stuck pigs at any play which tries to deal seriously with marriage or sex in general (not in the Tennessee Williams manner of mindless melodramatic drivel *à la* Grand Guignol—that sort of treatment is fashionably safe). Other critics are afflicted with other normal wretched neuroses. It's hard to keep track of them all, as poor Williams found out when he wrote a marvelous humanistic treatise called "Camino Real." Abolish the critics and let the *bourgeosie* gamble with their money in buying theatre as they do when they buy shoes or food.
MOSS HART (51)	Plunge. There are no rules. Playwriting cannot be taught, it can only be practised professionally.	Subsidy. Either governmental or by the theatre itself. Let each hit set aside a fraction of the profits to its backers as well as a fraction of the author's and producer's share.
LILLIAN HELLMAN (50)	Read.	
CLIFFORD ODETS (49)	Find out who, what, and where he is. Read and see all the plays he can. Discuss and open up these plays by himself and with a group. Be content with moderate returns, at least as a starter. Work on a stage.	More production of the "unproduceable" plays. More theatres in the sense that the Group Theatre was a theatre.
ROBERT ARDREY (47)	Toughen the constitution by a three-year stay in the Arctic.	An expansion of lower cost production. There is very little hope for better plays so long as economics of the theatre reduce playwriting, for all but a few, to the rank of a part-time profession.
WILLIAM SAROYAN (47)	Don't do it. Because if he is a playwright he will anyhow, and if he isn't I will have saved him a lot of trouble.	Steps to a typewriter. The thing to look into is the physical theatre, which is a piece of fiercely-guarded real estate. The producer who deals mainly in money, the Dramatists' Guild, which plays the game flawlessly on behalf of the money, the directing and performing theatrical talent which mistakes screaming and jumping up and down and mumbling and being systematically cute or intense for theatrical effectiveness—because it works, the theatregoer who should stay home until he is of age, and finally the critics, who have jobs to hold, and do, and do.
WILLIAM INGE (42)	Write as much as you can, as well as you can, and get produced whenever you can. Also realize that it isn't humiliating to have to learn.	Any steps that would increase audiences everywhere and take the severe financial risk out of producing. Also more encouragement from critics and audiences alike for writers who show unmistakable talent regardless of whether their plays quite come off.
TENNESSEE WILLIAMS (41)	I have turned down the chance to fill out this questionnaire because I feel that the loneliness and the privacy of any kind own tiny squeal of protest against all efforts to interrogate, to pigeonhole, to classify and document a thing that depends on	
ARTHUR MILLER (39)	Don't. Stay away from the theatre. Stay away from actors. Avoid other jobs than writing jobs. Most important: cultivate a hard behind and of your work ask again and again if you truly believe it. When utterly exhausted abandon the play and submit it, and be joyously prepared to turn your back on it forever.	Encourage playwrights as well as others to find out who they are. At same time wouldn't hurt to subsidize six or ten theatres devoted to art works, as a starter. Thus reduce prices to seventy-five cents, bring in the unwashed, who will demand new forms, new sense, new playwrights, and a new humane kind of energetic sophistication devoted to life and the discovery of reality. A good play should make more sense than even a budget report.
ROBERT ANDERSON (38)	Enter the theatre with the same seriousness you would medicine or law. Be patient, work hard. Grow as a human being because talent is worthless unless there is a heart and mind and soul behind it.	Courses in playwriting and more theatrical activity in the universities. Perhaps playwriting cannot be taught, but it can be learned and there should be well-trained people to help the talented person. Too often colleges look down on playwriting but go to great lengths in the instruction of short-story and novel writing.
ARTHUR LAURENTS (37)	! ! !	A sense of relative values in dramatic criticism. Under the present double standard casually extravagant praise is reserved for the murder mystery or the little comedy which runs two years; analytic and tempered comment is the fate of the more ambitious play, which winds up in the anthologies, and as contender for the prize bestowed by the same critics.

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SINCE the issue on British Writing [*SR* May 7] English playwrights have been waiting to see what their American confreres would say in a questionnaire similar to the one they answered. In general American playwrights seemed more nervous about being quoted. One American apologized by saying "It only makes for bad feelings among playwrights who are already antagonistic enough toward each other, if the truth were known." However, once they had resigned themselves to answering most of the American playwrights were highly cooperative. Perhaps Arthur Miller summed up the attitude of many of them when he added as a postscript to his remarks about the evils of the present-day theatre this message for questionnaire-makers, "Let me worry about the playwriting. You fix up the other stuff." —HENRY HEWES.

FAVORITE OWN PLAY	FAVORITE PLAYWRIGHT	WHAT, IN YOUR OPINION, ARE THE MOST IMPORTANT TRENDS IN AMERICAN PLAYWRITING AND HOW DO YOU RELATE YOUR OWN WORK TO THESE TRENDS?
"A Garland to Sylvia."	Thornton Wilder and Christopher Fry.	In my opinion, with rare exceptions, outward trends in American playwriting are toward disintegration and chaos; inward trends are toward the opposite. I do not see my own work in relation to any trend. It is what it cannot help being.
I don't like any of mine after I've had to see them through rehearsals, tryouts, and first-nights.	Robert Sherwood.	I've never seen a trend and I doubt that I'd recognize one if I met it. Putting a play on Broadway is a good deal like shooting the Snake River rapids on a surfboard. Those who are crazy enough to do it are too crazy to take advice. When one of them gets through nobody knows how he did it, not even the man who rode the boards. Anyway, as Walter Kerr's book demonstrates, it's better to write your book on playwriting before you write your plays. You know so much more then.
"Judgment Day."	Any answer would be invidious.	The theatre usually reflects the temper of the times. The present trend toward plays dealing with sadism and violence, with children and the problems of childhood, and with sheer escapism are indicative of the world climate of destructiveness and despair, and of the unwillingness or inability of people to come to grips with adult problems. I have tried, quite unsuccessfully, to work against these trends. I'll probably go on trying.
"Hymn to the Rising Sun."	Sean O'Casey.	I try to write about the people and things I know. I feel others doing the same. In this sense of togetherness maybe there is a fellowship of relations—a trend, a concerted effort that strengthens rather than weakens the individual worker. Anyway, I think the future looks bright for a mighty theatre art in this country. Eugene O'Neill has been the inspiring pioneer for it. The summons now is for the bold young men to come on.
"The Happy Journey to Camden and Trenton."	Eduardo de Filippo.	Breaking down that box-set, abolishing that curtain, getting rid of that museum-visit that is suggested by the proscenium.
"For Keeps."	Noel Coward.	I'm slightly allergic to "trends" and "symbolism." I never detect the trend, and figuring out the symbolism gives me a slight headache.
"Somebody Knows" (an unsolved English murder case).	Tennessee Williams.	There seems to me to be a good breaking-down of the older forms of technical playwriting—a widening of its focus—a good enlargement. I try to take advantage of this as far as I am able to do so.
"Morning's at Seven."	Tennessee Williams.	The leaving behind of the purely "plot for plot's sake" play and delving into human relationships—although never forgetting the girders of plot that must be beneath it all. I'm trying.
"Common Ground."	The great, the only O'Casey.	The most important trends have been a kind of mindless violence—a predilection for the play not of ideas but of moody suggestive atmosphere and muddy suggestive childishness—which with some notable exceptions has dominated the scene since "Strange Interlude." The night "Mourning Becomes Electra" opened and I saw this nonsense hailed as an enduring work of genius I knew I had a long hard, rocky road ahead of me. It has been. My permanent hero is William Congreve, and that kind of brain, thinking, and attitude toward society is what I believe the theatre should mainly be about. Phoney tragedy and pretentious melodrama will always be in line for awards. The honest working playwright will avoid the psychotic as a focal point ("Streetcar"); he will avoid themes which present problems to be settled at the end by homicide or suicide—that is no solution at all; he will try to tell the truth as he sees it about the world in which he lives—and will try to be as humane, witty, and sophisticated about it all as he possibly can be, of course.
"Lady in the Dark."	Thornton Wilder.	There are no trends. Every play is basically an expression of the playwright's personality at that particular moment. As he changes, or as he changes in relation to his time, his plays change. If he ceases to change as a human being his plays cease to possess the breath of life and reality.
"The Autumn Garden."	O'Casey.	I don't know.
Each play when it was being written. The human mechanism fights for the child it is bearing.	Igor Stravinsky. Listen to his musical setting of "Oedipus Rex."	I do not discern any particular trends, except that most young writers try to find what is "marketable" and are both anxious and eager to trim their sails to these "trade winds." Idealism seems to me at a new low in our world; the grab for success is frightening. In the American theatre I know only two playwrights with a theme, Tennessee Williams and myself.
"Thunder Rock."	Thornton Wilder.	The theatre, from Aristophanes to Shaw, has been that medium of expression which most derives its vitality from the contemporary world about it. The most dangerous trend today is that of ignoring the world about us. I cannot relate my own work to such a trend and don't intend to.
No favorite, but if I have got to be pinned down, "An Imaginary Character Named Saroyan."	Again no favorite—real plays in general by anybody. As far as I know I write more real plays than any other playwright.	Money-making. My plays are related to the trend in that they have made money and could have made more if doing so hadn't bored me. "Success" not "failure" stops the whole business of the theatre, and the whole place is jumping with success. Playwrights who ought to be proudly in hock and hard at work are loaded with loot and busy being shyly famous. I write plays because writing is my work. I enjoy writing plays. I enjoy revising them after they are written. If nothing much happens to them after that it is as much because I prefer that as it is anything else.
Impossible for me to say. I'd like to rewrite them all.	Sean O'Casey and Jean Anouilh.	It seems to me that the trend is away from trends, that playwrights today work more individually than before. Consequently the scope of our drama expands. Whether I flatter myself or not, I do feel that my plays could not have been written by anyone else, and so relate to the main body of playwriting today in their unfamiliar treatment of the familiar.
of creative writing, even writing for such a public thing as the stage, must be defended with Quixotic ardor. You may interpret this as my seclusion till its completion for its safety.		
Each is part of my character, even the least of which I can't discriminate against. A good father does not play favorites.	Can't answer this for at least twenty years because we are all becoming. Besides I know a number of them personally. All playwrights are good.	The only movement worth noting, and it is not American, is represented by Berthold Brecht. The only materials for a possible new trend in the U.S. are new insights into social and psychological mechanisms; the next original interpenetration of these elements, one with the other, will establish a new form. I am not related to anything but these considerations and their most exact esthetic expression. In short, whenever a play mixes "I" with "we" in a significantly original way I am interested. I find little in the present that adds to already known mixtures. A seventy-five-cent ticket will revolutionize playwriting and put all of us on our mettle as never before. Great plays are written in response to great challenges, *i.e.*, heterogeneous, robust, even rowdy audiences, not buyers in from out-of-town looking for a way to kill two hours. The most important trend in American playwriting at the present moment is that seats cost up to eight dollars each and the house is full of the bored.
"Tea and Sympathy."	The mind of one, the heart of another, and the skill of a third.	There has been a trend of formlessness which has just about played itself out. All the other arts have gone through revolutions in forms, but the drama is essentially an art requiring a basic form. There are thousands of different ways of telling a dramatic story, but the core must have the elements of drama which through all the innovations of the centuries have endured. I think we may be moving towards a more vigorous drama.
"A Clearing in the Woods," until the next one is completed.	Wilder, Williams, and Hellman.	The realization that the Ibsen era is over and that Chekhov was a genius not to be imitated. In the search for a new form recent plays have shown a tendency to be beautifully generous with character and mood but frugal with comment and stingy with plot. I myself hope that a more imaginative use of the stage, more, much more theatricality, and a more lyric quality will be forthcoming. But content must determine form.

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SR GOES TO THE MOVIES

Turnabout on Toes

Kelly, Dailey, and Kidd—"gritty characters who dance because they detest each other."

WHAT could be duller than having our musical-comedy characters behaving like cheerful knuckleheads who sing and dance only because the one they love is in love with (a) them, (b) somebody else? The crying cultural need of our day is clearly a group of morose, gritty characters who sing and dance because they detest (a) each other, (b) themselves. This gap has been filled by Betty Comden and Adolph Green, who wrote the lyrics and the story for the new musical film **"It's Always Fair Weather"** (M-G-M). No matter what else I say about it, this is a rather entertaining affair.

Betty Comden and Adolph Green will be remembered as the animators of the three carefree sailors in "On the Town." Although these three girl-hunters didn't have two guilt feelings to rub together, the three chaps in khaki who turn up in "Fair Weather" represent an altogether different breed of cat.

They emerge from the military cheerful enough to engage in a memorable mustering-out dance which involves diving through taxi-windows and tap-dancing with garbage-can covers on their feet. But once they shake hands all round and solemnly agree to meet ten years from date everything gets fairly grubby.

Gene Kelly, for example, is so depressed about getting a Dear John letter during the war that he turns into a crapshooting prizefighter manager of dubious morality.

Dan Dailey, once an aspiring artist, has become the creature of an advertising agency, with jargon on his lips, an acid golf-ball in his stomach, a cartoon commercial on his conscience, and a disappearing wife at the other end of the telephone line.

Michael Kidd (a brilliant dance director now turned actor) portrays the proprietor of a roadside hamburger joint who calls his place the Cordon Bleu, an example of pretension which points clearly to an advanced case of self-hate.

This trio of crumbs appear to have little to recommend them, but you will note that all of the members can dance. When they come back together after ten years apart, and discover they loathe one another to distraction, the writers have made this the occasion for much singing and dancing of a superior order.

Gene Kelly and Steve Donen did the numbers, and there are a couple of them which will be remembered by people who care about such things for as long as "Make Way for Tomorrow" in "Cover Girl" and "Foggy Day" in "Damsel in Distress." The CinemaScope screen has been used in these musical numbers with a flexibility and intimacy not before seen in the wide-screen musicals. Previously the gigantic mail-slot screen has inspired directors to create musical numbers in which eight actors marched arm-in-arm toward the camera, singing at the highest decibel level of stereophonic sound.

Now that they're not so self-conscious about the spectacular possibilities of the wide screen they've been able in this film to use such devices as splitting the screen in three, or blacking out the entire screen except for one man's head while the character does a soliloquy in tune with a restaurant orchestra.

"It's Always Fair Weather" has its problems because the characters have their problems, but it does have clever lyrics, inventive numbers, and Gene Kelly on skates. —LEO ROGOW.

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TV AND RADIO

Adult Delinquents

THE National Broadcasting Company has formed a committee to investigate children's television programs and to report on findings which are contrary to the weal of our darling little generation of overindulged and underspanked small fry.* (See footnote.)

The committee has made its first report and among other items it suggests that these ingredients in TV programs be eliminated:

". . . shooting seltzer water or throwing things; bad grammar and poor pronunciation. . . ."

This obviously will never stand up in a court of law. The Constitution provides that no citizen shall be deprived of his right to earn a livelihood, and these two suggestions throw 95 per cent of all comedians out of work.

The committee also objects to crudity, pointing out that "playing a trombone with a mouth full of watermelon" on television is something to which kiddies* should not be exposed because the committee felt the tykes* should not be encouraged to play a trombone with a mouth full of watermelon in the course of their normal* everyday lives.

Well, I don't know about that. They might do worse.*

The committee also disapproves of "over-excitement in a solid hour of disjointed, sometimes frenetic action." And there goes the Martin and Lewis show beloved by every urchin.*

If I seem to be oversimplifying the problem of entertainment for saplings* and seem a little surly* on the subject of helping fight juvenile delinquency it's because I hasten to come to a broader and more basic problem in television programming. That's the solid hour of "under-excitement" to which the grownups have been exposed these past few months, $64,000 notwithstanding.

Having run out of people to present on our screens, some adult delinquents along Madison Avenue have begun a new and dangerous trend of booking buildings into television programs. Some months ago the Colgate Comedy Hour, as it was narcissistically then known, presented for the first time on television from Miami Beach, Florida, the new Fontainebleau Hotel. An assortment of players was hired to stand around and entertain but warned not to hog the cameras. The hotel was the star. Encouraged by the reception the Fontainebleau received that night the Colgate people a few weeks ago booked in another hotel—this time the Beverly Hilton from Beverly Hills, California.

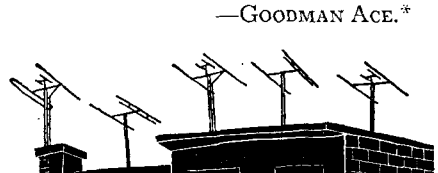
For its TV debut Conrad Hilton's inn was packed to the gills with the most glamorous names in Hollywood—from Aldo Ray on down. And Hedda Hopper, skilled newspaperwoman that she is, managed to draw from the glamour-gals present their most intimate secrets—pictures they had made, pictures they were making now, and pictures they were scheduled to make soon. Terry Moore, Shelley Winters, and Mamie Van Doren were among the plug-beauties who thus bared their souls. And because Dean Martin and Jerry Lewis have reached the point where they wouldn't be caught in the same hotel at the same time and so weren't there, somebody thought it would be nice to show a film clip of their soon-to-be-released picture. It wasn't.

The high spot of the evening came when Miss Hopper explained that Mr. Hilton considered it his good-luck charm to dance at the opening of all his hotels. So she got him Ann Miller as a partner and they did a quaint little time-step polka. All in all it was the most solid, outstanding hour of under-excitement television has known.

Now comes to this desk the exciting announcement from NBC that it plans to build an hour variety show around the new Capitol Records Building in Hollywood. This cylindrical shaped structure, it says here, has been booked for sometime in January.

Even with buildings going up faster than people this new kind of booking will not be child's* play. But NBC doesn't mind the hard work to defeat the competition. CBS may have Crosby, but NBC has Bing and Bing.

—GOODMAN ACE.*



*When two tiny punks on a midtown street corner, obviously lost, point to a quiet gentleman minding his own business, trying to think of an idea for a column, and say, "Let's ask that old man over there," they are overindulged and underspanked.

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MUSIC TO MY EARS

Scandinavian Festivals

"DON'T you need an assistant?" "Don't you need someone to carry your bags?" Everyone seems to think there's no finer job in the world than traveling around Europe each summer tape-recording music festivals. Not true. It's work—constant, sometimes tedious work beset with innumerable and usually inevitable difficulties.

For instance, dear reader, how would you overcome the limitations which reduce your choice of programs for broadcast to a single performance? You don't. You accept them, as we were forced to do this summer when we finally agreed to schedule the Swedish Royal Opera's production of "Die Walküre" on two successive weeks. So the Stockholm Festival to 12,000,000 Americans becomes a Wagner festival. In Helsinki the choice, though a wide one, is repeated year after year—all the symphonies of Sibelius, several tone poems, suites from his theatre music, the Violin Concerto, and for several seasons now the work Sibelius himself regards with special affection, his "Luonnotar," for soprano and orchestra, sung this year by Elisabeth Schwarzkopf in the original Finnish text taken from the Kalevala.

Two of the younger festivals in Scandinavia are still cutting their baby teeth so far as program policy is concerned. The Bergen Festival in Norway has maintained from its first season four years ago a standard comparable to that of the most experienced and well-established festivals of Europe, both in the scope of its programming and in the caliber of artists who participate. Beecham, Schwarzkopf, David Oistraikh were the visitors from abroad this season, and the Statsradiofonien Orchestra from Denmark replaced the Oslo Philharmonic in sharing concerts with the Bergen Symphony Orchestra. Norwegian composers are liberally represented at Bergen, as they should be—Grieg, Halvorsen, Saeverud, Valen—but so are classic, romantic, and contemporary composers of other countries.

It's the Royal Danish and the Stockholm Festivals which, from our point of view at least, have not as yet found the direction leading to fulfilment of their considerable and unique potentialities. The assets of both are beyond dispute. In the Statsradiofonien Orchestra Denmark can boast one of the finest, if the youngest, of symphonic organizations on the Continent; the Royal Danish Ballet, as all will agree who have seen it, need hide its head nowhere in Europe. The Concert Hall in Copenhagen's Radio House is an acoustical phenomenon for broadcasting and recording as well as for the few hundred ticket holders who attend the concerts (though strangely, according to Erik Tuxen, the orchestra players themselves complain they can't hear each other across the stage).

Sweden for years has maintained the finest opera company in northern Europe—the Royal Swedish Opera—and the locales for festival presentations in both Scandinavian countries—castles, palaces, and churches—vie with each other as ideal settings for imaginative, artistic, and truly important musical productions.

And yet one searches vainly in either the Danish or Swedish round of musical events for a central theme, a *raison d'être,* a general purpose for establishing a festival in these two countries at all. No attempt seems to have been made—or very little—to attract either a cosmopolitan audience from their own and other countries, or to lure a more limited and select attendance from those who seek a choice musical fare, free from the usual glamour-bait and big-name attraction.

What, for instance, would draw you to hear the superior playing of the Danish State Radio Orchestra—the Statsradiofonien—brilliant and exciting as their performances inevitably prove to be? A single concert in the fourteen-day schedule of festival events! The composers represented on this one program? J. P. E. Hartmann, Carl Nielsen, Vagn Holmboe! One other legitimate orchestral concert appeared in the program listing of this 1955 Royal Danish Festival—an evening in the Tivoli Gardens' Concert Hall where this festival audience could hear a Chamber Concerto by Vagn Holmboe, Concertino for Piano and Orchestra by Sv. S. Schultz, and the Symphony No. 4 by N. V. Bentzon. Interesting composers all, and provocative scores to hear well performed, but they were heard to the exclusion of all other music, of whatever school or nationality or period.

The annual Stockholm Festival, begun only two years ago on the occasion of the city's 700th-year jubilee celebration, is admittedly still feeling its way. Again, the events provide plenty of diversity, but there is no cohesion holding together the nine-day schedule of opera and ballet presentations, orchestra and chamber-music concerts, drama, and films. What in particular, surveying the advance programs, would draw visitors to Stockholm other than the beautiful city itself? Possibly the production of Rolf Liebermann's opera "Penelope" premiered at Salzburg a year ago, but even this ambitious presentation by the Royal Swedish Opera would hardly attract a diversified, international audience. The musically inclined tourist visiting Stockholm might out of curiosity attend a Swedish production of a "Carmen" or "Die Walkuere" or "Orpheus in the Underworld," but would they conspicuously catch his eye as he scans the brochures of European festivals?

OTHER than the single Philadelphia Orchestra concert on the final day of the Stockholm Festival, but one symphonic program was scheduled, this by the combined Stockholm Philharmonic and Swedish Broadcasting Orchestras conducted by Sweden's young and versatile Sixten Ehrling. Could you resist making the trip to Stockholm to hear 1) the incidental music (Theatre Suite No. 2) to "The Storm," by Gösta Nystroem, 2) "Sinfonie Singulière," by the nineteenth-century Swedish composer Franz Berwald, and 3) Beethoven's Piano Concerto No. 3, with the Hungarian pianist Annie Fischer? Even in Sweden they resisted.

It's the eighteenth-century court theatre at Drottningholm which could and should provide the Stockholm Festival with an important and unique character of its own. This small but elegant theatre remains today, with all its hand-operated stage contraptions intact, exactly as it was when Gluck and Mozart operas were performed there for the first time in Sweden and in northern Europe. We regret having missed the two divertissements presented with the original eighteenth-century stage scenery and costumes, and they may have been far more creditable to the eye and ear than the inferior production of Handel's "Orlando Furioso" at Drottningholm during the festival season a year ago. This little court theatre is indeed a nugget to be treasured by planners of a future Stockholm Festival, an authentic setting in which to revive many forgotten operas whose life ceased nearly two centuries ago, along with the courtly audiences for whom they were designed.

—JAMES FASSETT.

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THE FINE ARTS

Interview with Larry Rivers

TWO YEARS ago in New York a very large painting by the young American artist Larry Rivers was exhibited. Its title was "George Washington Crossing the Delaware," and it was obviously a paraphrase in contemporary terms on Emanuel Leutze's mid-nineteenth-century painting by the same title—once one of the most popular images in American art but long since dismissed as a false-heroic, academic "machine." I had known Rivers as an abstract painter and as a sculptor of considerable distinction, working in a modern idiom. How was it that such an artist should choose this subject and retain decipherable if far from realistic components of its scenario?

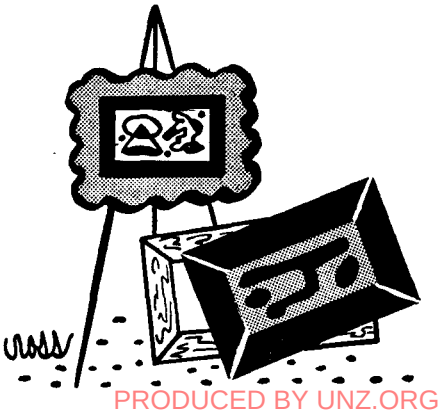
Impressed by Rivers's courage as well as his talent, I was eager to know the answer, and this summer spent several hours questioning him in his house on Toylesome Lane in Southampton, Long Island. I asked him first what had decided him to abandon abstraction in favor of figure painting (and still life) in its more traditional sense. He replied that he had first learned about abstract art from a painter-friend, Nell Blaine. After a period of experiment with abstraction as a student in Hans Hofmann's studio he regained faith in the modern painter's ability to cope creatively with the tangible world when he visited the Museum of Modern Art's retrospective Bonnard exhibition in 1948. He speaks with warmth of Bonnard, who taught him, he says, to appreciate as a painter "the niceties of life, seen out of the window of a house or inside the house."

As we talked, however, it became apparent that personal philosophy rather than the example of another artist explains Rivers's change in direction. "I don't have the faith in 'self' that abstract painters need. I don't think 'self' is that important nor the expression of 'self.' I want something definite on which to hinge the mystery of art. For the time being at least I believe in common references, and I suppose I am more cynical about myself as an artist than many members of the generation before mine. That doesn't mean I don't have faith in art itself. You asked me just now why so many of the newer American painters paint very large pictures for which there is almost no market. I think that today the strands enabling a person to identify himself as an artist are so thin that he tends to want a large picture space, to try to create a separate, spacious world, to do what gives him a kick, to 'paint big'."

He went on: "A critic asked me the other day whether I thought my kind of painting belonged to a wave of the future. I don't see how anyone can answer that question. After all, Ingres seemed a reactionary disciple of the neo-classical school, with no important followers, until modern artists like Picasso found him inspiring." At this point I interrupted to say how curious it also seems that Delacroix, who really did announce the future (impressionism) in his and Ingres's time, has been repudiated by most of the major artists of our own century. "Well, anyway," Rivers said, "I try not to think much about these art-historical shifts and developments; I try to keep out of the museum atmosphere."

I THEN asked him what contemporary artists he admired most. "First of all I would mention Willem de Kooning," he answered. "His painting is different from mine, but I respect it very much. And you know it's a funny thing. People sometimes say my pictures remind them of Pascin. But I didn't see any pictures by Pascin until a year or a year and a half ago, long after I'd begun to paint this way. All I knew about him was that he was a strange man who committed suicide. I don't see that my work resembles his; I don't mean it to. As to the European painters of my generation you asked me about, I don't know their work at all."

"What about artists of the past?" I asked. He replied: "I guess the work of art that has moved me most is Mi-



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chelangelo's sculpture of David in the Academy at Florence. And because I admired Michelangelo I got to like the paintings of Géricault. I didn't at first. But one day in the Louvre I was looking at Géricault's 'Officer of the Imperial Guard Charging.' It struck me suddenly that the passion in this picture is concentrated in a central passage—the officer and his rearing horse. That made me think that the important thing in painting is this sort of condensed passion, and I decided not to worry about borders, sidelines, and accessories. I suppose that's the answer to your question about the unfinished sections in my pictures. If I can get the main impact right I'm not concerned about surrounding details, and sometimes they weaken the principal image. And I do like painting as such. Look at Courbet's 'Woman with a Parrot' in the Metropolitan Museum. What a picture! The handling of paint is absolutely marvelous."

AT THIS point we got back to the question I had meant to ask first: why had Rivers chosen to paint a picture on the pictorially hackneyed theme of Washington crossing the Delaware? "To begin with," he said, "it took me a long time to make up my mind to do it. For a while I used to mention the project half-jokingly, and friends warned me it was a disastrous idea. But I kept wanting to make a picture out of a national myth, to accept the 'impossible' and the 'corny' as a challenge instead of running away. I had read Tolstoi's 'War and Peace,' and this became a great inspiration, just as Proust's books had been in a different way some time before. I guess I wanted to paint something in the tradition of the Salon picture, which modern artists hold in contempt. Besides, there was plenty in "Washington Crossing the Delaware" to dazzle me—horses, water, soldiers, and so on."

In preparing the picture Rivers made numerous drawings, working from books in the Rogers Memorial Library at Southampton. What he achieved in the end, of course, relates most obliquely to Leutze's image and then only in certain details such as the inclusion of a white horse with rider, seen in the background of Leutze's work. Rivers's picture seems to me a remarkable work, not only in the courageousness of its attempt to revitalize an outmoded theme, but in its spontaneity and fluency of technique. The painting was finished in 1953, and since then Rivers has found his subjects in his own household. His preferred models are his sons and his mother-in-law—"a professional model's silence would worry me," he said. Of his mother-in-law he has recently completed a double portrait in which she appears nude twice, her aging flesh beautifully painted. I asked him why the subject had interested him. "Because it's at hand," he answered, "and how many artists would have a chance to paint an elderly model they knew well?"

I had another question to ask. I knew that Rivers played the baritone saxophone professionally and for his own pleasure in a jazz orchestra, his idols being the late Charley Parker, Lester Young, and, to a lesser degree, Count Basie. Being entirely unfamiliar with the newer jazz I tried to keep up with his explanations by admitting proudly that I had once admired Fats Waller. I sat back to wait my rewards. Rivers looked incredulous, as though I had extolled prehistoric man, and asked, "Can you still walk without a cane?" I retreated to safer ground by inquiring whether he thought music had affected his painting directly, as it had that of Paul Klee and Mondrian. "I don't think so," he said. "But this music convinces me that I am contemporary." Then he added a sentence which seems to me to throw some light on his aims as an artist: "I like to hear the melody straight and clear." As I left he spoke modestly, his intense, dark face relaxed and wondering: "I hope my melody is new." I think it is.

—JAMES THRALL SOBY.

—*Culver Service.*

Leutze's "Washington"—"long since dismissed as a false-heroic, academic 'machine'."

—*The Museum of Modern Art.*

Rivers's "Washington"—"the attempt to revitalize an outmoded theme."

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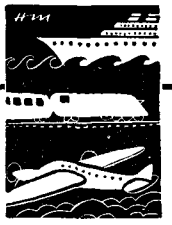


BOOKED FOR TRAVEL

Down in the Handy Andes

SANTIAGO, CHILE.

I DON'T really recall doubting it at the time, but I couldn't help but think, when being deposited at the airport here the other day, how right Miss Carol Channing had been when she stood pigeontoed on the boards of the Ziegfeld Theatre in Manhattan a couple of years back and dispensed a flimsy bit of exposition that declared "It's Delightful Down in Chile."

Chile will strike you, I think, as some tucked-away European country you had somehow overlooked. It will be an unexpected and pleasant discovery, like a large bill found in the pocket of an old suit. I say "European" for there really is very little that is Latin about it. Landing in Santiago on the immense plateau where the city has been built one stands within a massive ring of Andean peaks frosted white and glinting orange in the waning August sun like the Jungfraujoch from a terrace in Interlaken were it late October. The air blows clear, dry, and cool, a mountain-washed tonic last inhaled with infinite benefit in the Alps or the Adirondacks. The dark gray stone houses, stylish and seedy, could be anywhere in northern Europe. In the elegant carpeted halls of the Hotel Carrera the day I arrived matrons were shaking off the winter's chill with a pot of tea while models paraded a runway displaying spring fashions. If August is here, south of the equator, can spring be far behind?

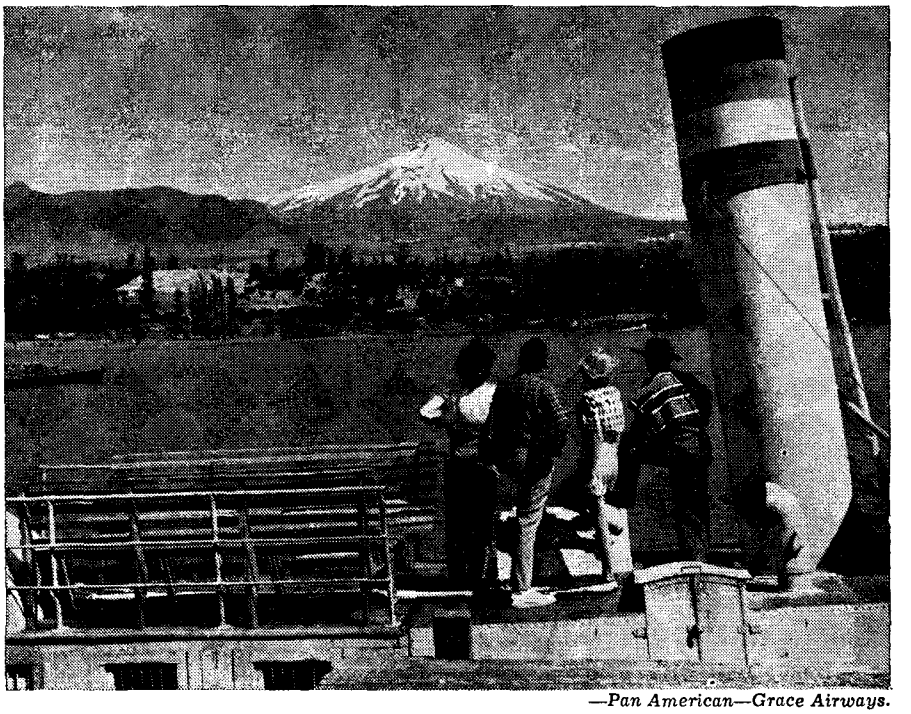
Alongside the Plaza de Armas the covered walk of the Fernandez Concha Portal seemed a replica of the Rue de Rivoli. Alas, the shops offered little to buy beyond copper trinkets, but there is a singular atmosphere in the air. Corn kernels roast in a push-cart like chestnuts in autumn in cities up north. The street hawker sells *paltas*, which are like avocado pears. There are *camotes*, or candied sweet potatoes. A cent and a half each. Cokes and Canada Dry Spur look down from a shelf, and *liebres*, which means "hare," the little jitneys that hold ten passengers, whiz by on the street. A policeman leans against the wall, completely equipped with rifle and a blanket roll slung across his shoulder. Out in the Plaza de Armas the bandshell waits for Sunday, when the band troops in to play from nine until half-past eleven.

If Santiago does not display the prosperity of Buenos Aires, certainly it exudes the aristocracy of good tweed patched at the cuff with leather. Running along the Mapacho River is the Avenida Forrestal, bordered with alamos trees and an island of palms down its center. The country's widest boulevard is the great breadth of the Avenida Bernardo O'Higgins, named for the son of an Irish cavalryman, a Chilean patriot who liberated Chile from the Spaniards, later retired to Peru. O'Higgins doubtless fired the imagination of other Irishmen across the seas, and a casual inspection of Santiago's telephone directory nowadays will produce Patricio O'Callaghan, Julio O'Ryan, Ambrosio Lynch, James Corales O'Brien, and other types.

The pleasant city built by these emigrés from Cork and Killarney, by expatriate Englishmen and Germans, Italians, and, to be sure, the descendants of Spanish colonials, can best be surveyed from the top of Santa Lucia Park, a hill on which Pedro de Valdivia founded Santiago in 1541. Standing under the waving pepper trees and the eucalyptus at the edge of the old-fashioned red brick abutments, the city is a vast prairie of rooftops. There is the occasional landmark—the Sacramentino Church that looks incredibly like Sacré Coeur in the Montmartre, or the hill of San Cristobas with its Virgin on top, and, far beyond, the snowy Andes, misty in the coal-dust haze.

One morning before the sun was up, or the hour sensible, I drove the fifty-five kilometers from Santiago up into the Andes, where—strange indeed to us coming directly from the miseries of midsummer up north—people were skiing in August. The nearest resort is Farrellones, but there is no train, just a winding road, up and up, past incredible scenery that grows in a land that can't seem to make up its mind what is the season. The eucalyptus trees were green, but tinted a milky pastel by the frost that clung to their leaves. Cactuses grew at the edge of snow, an almond tree had burst bright and pink although surely we were deep in the Chilean winter. A river bed followed our road but it was dry and would stay that way until midday when the warming sun had melted enough snow to start a mountain stream. Far back, when you looked, Santiago rested on its plateau. Far up, when you looked, Farrellones waited in the snow. Between the two were rows of bare and fragile poplars transplanted it seemed, from a valley in the Dordogne.

FARRELLONES was designed for skiing, not for comfort. The resorts aren't called *refugios* for nothing. They provide a roof, albeit held down from the Andean winds by rocks, a roaring fire, a bunk in a dormitory, and meals. There is no resemblance to Sun Valley. The Ski Club holds eighty people mostly in rooms with five bunks,



—*Pan American—Grace Airways.*

Chilean Andes—roofs held down by rocks, lunch for fifteen cents, and a Slope for Fools.

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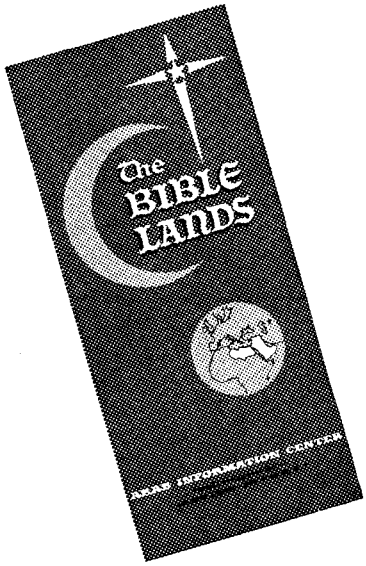

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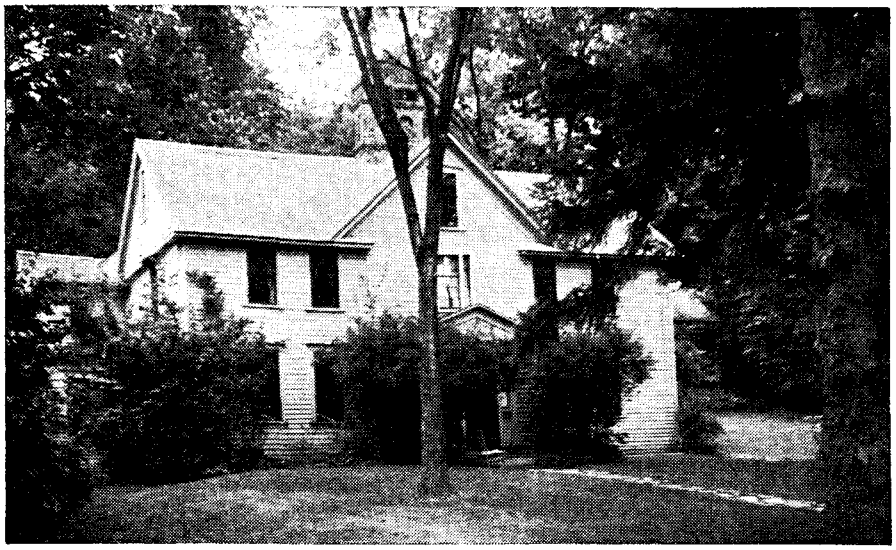

"ORCHARD HOUSE": Although the two volumes of Louisa May Alcott's "Little Women" run to 546 pages, the author never stops to describe in detail the modest Concord, Massachusetts, house in which the heroine and her three sisters advanced from happy girlhood to womanly maturity. One of the oldest houses in Concord, Orchard House dates from about 1650. As it appears now, altogether lacking in architectural distinction but full of literary interest and associations, it is almost entirely the creation of Louisa's extraordinary philosopher-father, Bronson Alcott, who bought and remodeled it—doing much of the labor with his own hands—in 1857. Today, as in Louisa's time, Orchard House is characterized by the kind of shabby gentility of a smalltown parsonage or the home of a university professor of modest means. —NELSON LANSDALE.

sets it table in a dining room surrounded with glass on four sides, all looking out to snow-covered mountains. The charge is 1,400 pesos a day, a figure which, to the apoplexy of the uninitiated, is written $1,400. In American $ that comes to $2.25, bed and meals included. I must admit that the shock wasn't so great, as I had on the prior night eaten dinner at the Hotel Carrera in Santiago, where a card on the menu advertised "Roast Filled Turkey (without vegetables)—$400." It's a delight being the last of the big spenders in a place where $400 turns out to be $0.65.

The Posada de Farrellones, presumably dispensing with the frills offered by the Ski Club, whose *refugio* is across the street, has knocked down its price to 1,300 pesos a day, roughly thirty cents less, and offers a further 15 per cent reduction for anyone who spends five days. Those who stay in the bunk room that has space for eight can eat and sleep for $1.50 a day. Passersby can have lunch for fifteen cents.

Despite these incredible prices Farrellones is frequented by the best people and chalets have been built on the hill by such social lions as Agustin Edwards, millionaire owner of *El Mercurio,* one of the country's largest newspaper enterprises. Many of the chalets are on the north side of the mountain, a route which lies by way of the Refugio del Barcelona, which seems to me to be the most attractive of the public inns. It has room for thirty, a comfortable circular common room, and for summertime, which is to say, December to March, an open-air circular swimming pool hanging over a deep ravine. Doubtless these posh accoutrements force it to bring its price scale up to the highest figure in Farrellones, 1,500 pesos a day.

As far as its slopes are concerned Farrellones is considered exceptional. A combination T-bar and chair lift arrangement hauls the skier up Colorado Mountain, offering one run three miles long. Its two frequented slopes are La Gran Bajada (The Great Descent) and Cancha de los Tontos (Slope for Fools).

A miserable, all but impassable road leads from Farrellones up to Chile's newest ski resort known as La Parva, The Haystack. There isn't anything in La Parva, let me assure you, that bears resemblance to a haystack. Indeed, I'm not quite sure how anybody could make hay in La Parva, as cold and remote as it is. However, La Taverna, an inn with twelve rooms, is about to open with such unprecedented benefits as two-in-a-room and central heating. There is skiing from

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une to mid-October, a new mile-nd-a-quarter ski lift, and mule rains to haul your equipment the wo touch-and-go miles from Far-ellones.

Chile's fanciest ski resort is at Por-illo, a good five-hour train ride from Santiago (the fare is $3.50 American). regret to say that I didn't set foot n Portillo, but I did fly dead over he top of it in a brand-new Panagra DC-7B, and can report that it re-oses lonely and displaced, barren nd bereft, one lone building in the niddle of the snow-blanketed Andes. Somewhere down there Emile Allais, he famous French skier, was teaching is parallel technique, and some-where in that lone building, I was assured, there were 400 rooms, a night club, and, adjoining them, a skating rink, and an amazing variety of championship ski courses.

Up where we were flying, between Buenos Aires and Santiago, the world was white and scarcely believable. Christ of the Andes, cast of boiled-up cannon contributed by former antag-onists, stood knee deep in the snow below, a mute, frigid testimony of man's occasional lapses into peaceful promises. The skipper flipped on the speaker to say we were zooming down the Andean valley at much bet-ter than 300 miles an hour, and much lower, by 8,000 feet to be horribly exact, than the tallest peak. Back in the galley the girls were dusting off the butler's tray that Panagra wheels up the aisle at mealtime, serving ev-erything course by course. And this would be as good a time as any to say that Panagra's culinary depart-ment is nigh the best in the air, cer-tainly far and away ahead of any other American flag carrier. Its ven-tures in side dishes into foreign con-coctions like *ceviche*, which is mar-inated mackerel; its compact galley offering the diner a choice of lobster, filet mignon, and chicken; its selection of Chilean wines as good as the best of France; and its final touch of serving coffee from a Peruvian silver service wheeled up the aisle, are all a far bloody cry from the synthetic mess in plastic plates that is balanced on the trav-elers' knees by airlines too numer-ous to mention. Panagra succeeded in making it delightful *up over* Chile too.

—Horace Sutton.

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

Column Two should read: 6, 10, 2, 3, 5, 7, 8, 1, 9, 4. The authors are: 1. Edward Everett Hale. 2. Bret Harte. 3. John Galsworthy. 4. George S. Kaufman and Moss Hart. 5. H. G. Wells. 6. Ambrose Bierce. 7. Nelson Algren. 8. Edwin Arlington Robinson. 9. Christopher Morley. 10. Rudyard Kipling.

"Why Write It . . ."

Continued from page 6

the tradition—from Stendahl to Stein-beck—I was able to work veins im-possible in dramatic art. It was not only that, having gained a great deal of knowledge and indignation from men on the docks, I was able to speak out in a way not feasible on film. I was able also to speak-*in*, to search the interior drama in the heart and mind of a cleric militant who dares apply the insights of his Savior to the dark and godless alleyways of the waterfront. Thus, regardless of the surprising popularity of our film, and regardless of the success or failure of my novel, I have already had my reward. I had had the privilege of friendship with a number of labor priests who were concerned for the inhumanity of the slavish "shape-up" of men born to be free. Now I was able to create a figure in their image, to follow him into an Irish tenement wake, to take him for a solitary, mind-troubled walk along the river, where he can measure his religious con-victions against the spiritually bank-rupt atmosphere of a typical water-front neighborhood. I can listen in on his private prayers as he kneels sleep-less on the cold floor of his cell-like room in the rectory, and I can end not with a dramatic close-up of Marlon Brando, excellent in its own way, but with the deeper truth of inconclusive-ness as this priest stands at night on the edge of the Hudson weighing the martyrdom of Terry Malloy and thinking bitterly of the millions on millions in the great city who do not care, "Having eyes, they see not."

So, grateful as I was for the re-ception of our film, I am even more grateful to the limitless scope of the novel which has given me the opportunity to try to sum up my hundreds of days and nights among a wonderful people, embattled, hu-morous, and perhaps tragically en-snared.

Maybe what I am trying to say is that a film must act, a book has time to think and wonder. There is the essential difference which keeps me, for all my love of movie-going and film-writing, still a confirmed novel-writer and an enthusiastic novel reader. In the flush of TV spectacu-lars, wider and wider screeneramas, and all the rest of our frightful, fruitful mechanical advancements the book is still the essential civilizing influence, able to penetrate the un-knowns of human aspiration.

That's my answer, as simply as I know how to put it, to the Philis-tine who asks, "Why write it if you can't sell it to pictures?"

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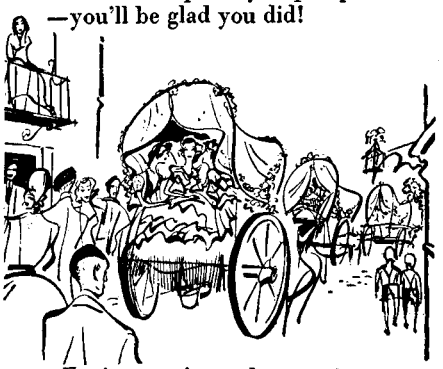

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The Enemy of Bureaucracy

"Book of Moments," by Kenneth Burke *(Hermes Publications. 96 pp. $2.50) is a collection of poems written between 1915 and 1954.*

By Gerard Previn Meyer

THOSE students of modern poetry who know the work of Kenneth Burke for its difficulty, mainly, will be relieved to discover in his latest book—his first collection of poems, by the way—an eminent readability. In fact, "Book of Moments," though a Hermes Publication, is by no means *hermetically* sealed, either in diction or in purport. On the contrary: as a poet (if not, he suggests, "a professional poet") Mr. Burke is by no means hard to get at. He reveals himself in these "excerpts from a sporadic personal diary" as disarmingly open-faced, a Wilsonian in verse, in favor of "open covenants, openly arrived at." The absence of pose throughout, the omnipresence of honesty and directness are pleasantly reminiscent of another poet who may or may not be "professional"—Dr. William Carlos Williams.

There is the same romanticism, too. After all, the theory of moments (Kenneth Burke would not be himself if he did not have a theory!) is in direct opposition to the rigidly enforced balances of the neo-classicists:

> Lyrics are "moments" (says the Foreword) insofar as they pause to sum up a motive. . . . In one's moments one is absolute. . . . Ideally, perhaps, one should break down a motive into many different kinds of moment. . . . The ideal lyrist would probably speak through as many shifting personalities as the ideal dramatist.

Does one catch a hint here of Burke's famous "dramatism"? In any case, Burke plumps for "momentary poems" and against those who "find either too much drought/or too much rain." As delvers into Burke's prose well know, this man is accustomed to provide his audiences with an *embarras de richesse*—"too much drought" perhaps standing for his employment of a tremendous variety of abstract terms, "too much rain" for his concomitant serving-forth of a rich feast of concrete examples. Indeed, it seems a characteristic of this "unclassifiable man" that he can produce drought and rain simultaneously!

The tone of these "moments" is more often than not conversational, frequently dialectical with a satiric flavor. For purposes of immediacy (also recalling Dr. Williams) Burke when he chooses can achieve impact with an in-fact of immediate-see, immediate-be. In "Sar-Fire," for example, he experiments with a sort of primitive, Igloo-type language—"Fly-things sing-sit on grow-things"—outgrowth of his interest in anthropology, no doubt—which at least for the *moment* strips away verbal bandages to restore a purity of vision. Nor, as in "Two Conceits, Anent Love," is he slow to call upon stream of consciousness and free association to convey the very sound, sight, taste, feel, of a man feeling, thinking, living. The same immediacy is sought after and found in "Pyre," and in such quick, new observations as this (from "Incipiently, By the Sea"): "He never saw the sea/So Jammed with water."

BURKE'S wit—his eye for incongruities, illogicalities, and hypocrisies, especially in the field of politics—shows often; here, *e.g.*, is a metaphor: "Making much noise in the name of silence/ Like those that fight wars/In the name of peace." And a shameless pun: "You said, 'Let's help Democracy in Spain.'/Well, lad, I think you'd better say again./Such attitudes are now deemed vile and ranko,/To be quite Franco." He is capable, as in "Temporary Wellbeing," of a Don Marquis cunning:

> The pond is plenteous
> The land is lush,
> And having turned off the news
> I am for the moment mellow.
>
> With my book in one hand
> And my drink in the other
> What more could I want
>
> But fame,
> Better health,
> And ten million dollars?

—and of play in poetry *à la* e. e. cummings (with perhaps a dash of Hashimura Togo?):

> Whomsoever there are—
> Whether enemies, than which there is several,
> Or friends, than which there is few—
> Hear me of what I am speak of...

Is it unfair to suggest that Burke may be the prime example of the sophisticated mind ready, even eager, to embrace the naive for its value as renewal? "Mark the city as a place where no/Wrens sing . . ." This culture-type continues, long after the Industrial Revolution, to be repelled by the city's artifacts: he turns away from "A city of five million mucous excitements," proposes "Buildings should not be tall," and suggests that our lapse from an agrarian economy has brought down on us "the prey and combat of the Jungle state." This jump from sophistication to naivete, coupled with a deeply-felt experience of the Depression, would account for a view of society that echoes the old socialist diatribes. One hears Burke the Old Bolshevik sounding off in such socio-politico-poetical moments as "For a Modernist Sermon," "Plea of the People, 1933," and the two "Exercises for Year's End." But truly, if his social protests posit any sort of political alignment, it's more a Thoreau-going party of one than the one-party state. Burke is an inveterate enemy of bureaucracy, as much as George Orwell ultimately was, and his note on a recent un-American phenomenon can be applied equally well to any police state, including the Muscovite: "It is as though, to guard against the suspicion of dangerous thoughts, the people were learning to have no thoughts at all."

He is aware, of course, of his anomalous position as "a Child Not of This Century":

> Think how with all of whom I'm out of step with,
> Think how of all the sleepless nights I've slep with!
> How many bats are need to fill a steeple?
> What makes me be such very awful people?

What indeed?—except, maybe, that Kenneth Burke is more the Old Bohemian than the Old Bolshevik—the last of the Bohemians, possibly, with a humor wry enough to go with his awry feeling: "Running around in circles, in flight from the wheels of technology. Confessing confusion at fission and fusion. (O fatal acrostic: nuclear, unclear)." In "Second Exercise for Year's End" he does, in fact, come out with it: "Bohemianism, the only remedy for Bureaucratism. (We say remedy, since there

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s no known *cure*.) Hard-pressed, crowded into one odd corner of the nind."

He remembers: "I had those take-ne-way-down-somewhere-or-other olues." But, despite the pessimistic noments of the cornered romantic—'Dewy, perplexing, wide-eyed moon,/ The traffic mumbles that you are not Artemis"—Burke Bounces Back; the nan is not only "endlessly fertile" out endlessly resilient as well. On the ast page of his latest "moment" he writes: "Even now, at midnight, I await the beckoning morneth, when the sun cometh uppeth . . ."

The beckoning, Burke-oning, burgeoning morneth cometh!

First and Last

WORDLY INNOCENCE: A small collection of poems called **"The Poems of Gene Derwood"** (Clarke & Way, $3) is, lamentably, its author's first and last book. For her own reasons, she was reluctant to publish during her lifetime, and "The Poems" appear posthumously. Both from her work and from the prefatory memoir by Joseph Bennett, Miss Derwood is presented as passionately individualistic, with "an innocence so radical that it astonished one . . . not childlike, but the innocence that sees the world in all its perfection and completeness, after all experience, with a mature knowledge of the good and evil that is in the universe." This is, admittedly, a large order, but in fact one does feel in the poems a directness of purpose, a Cassandra-like dedication which is most impressive, and which only very rarely becomes just a little oppressive.

Her style is one of extreme verbal dexterity, studded with technical eccentricities, grammatical inversions, arbitrary syntax and tense. Overtones of Gerard Manley Hopkins can sometimes be detected, and oddly enough in poetry which is distinctly contemporary something of the grace and elegance of the Elizabethans, particularly in a long early poem "Re-Singing Love," which she later recast into another form. But chiefly her accent is her own, and her poetic integrity is undeniable and inviolate.

These are not easy poems. They make definite demands on the reader, and they do not easily give up their freight of intellectual and emotional content. But they are rewarding, and many times beautiful and memorable, and they bear witness to a poetic gift and accomplishment of stature and distinction, one whose loss lovers of poetry can ill afford.

—Sara Henderson Hay.

AMERICANA

—*From "The American Past" (Simon and Schuster).*

Shays's Rebellion—"a whole society comes into view."

Revolutionaries in Dissent

***"A Little Rebellion," by Marion L. Starkey** (Alfred A. Knopf. 253 pp. $4), is the story of Shays's Rebellion in Massachusetts, which did much to bring about the adoption of the Federal Constitution. Professor Curtis P. Nettels of Cornell University, an authority on our early history, reviews it below.*

By Curtis P. Nettels

EVEN the simplest history of the United States mentions Shays's Rebellion of 1786. Yet a full-scale study of it has not appeared since 1788, when George R. Minot published his "History of the Insurrections in Massachusetts." Thanks to Marion L. Starkey, we now have a modern version that is readable, reliable, and convincing. "A Little Rebellion" (title by courtesy of Jefferson) has many of the virtues that made her study of Salem witchcraft, "The Devil in Massachusetts," one of the outstanding historical narratives of recent times. She puts the episode into dramatic form and relates it in terms of the participants, who appear as people one knows. She pictures their ways of living so clearly and portrays so skilfully the native scenes in which they acted that a whole society comes into view. The essentials are stated forcefully, concisely, and naturally; details are presented with an artist's power of suggestion—not for the sake of displaying the author's erudition. Miss Starkey uses fictional images as academic historians would not, but they are so consistent with the facts that they do not offend. The freshness of the narrative and its quality of authenticity come, in good measure, from her assimilation of a wealth of original and slightly used sources.

The G.I.s of the American Revolution received arrears of pay in certificates which neither Congress nor Massachusetts made good in money. The men had to part with them at a big discount. In 1786 Massachusetts was taxing the deflated veterans in order to redeem such paper at par, to the gain of "sharpers." An acute shortage of money bedeviled the tax-payers. County courts ordered the sale of property of defaulters, and repulsive jails gathered in debtors who couldn't pay. Failing to get relief from the legislature, embattled farmers marched to county towns, prevented judges from holding court, and raided jails to free debtor inmates. Popular sympathy for the insurgents at first restrained the legislature. Later it authorized the governor to call out the militia, passed a riot act, and approved the suspension of habeas cor-

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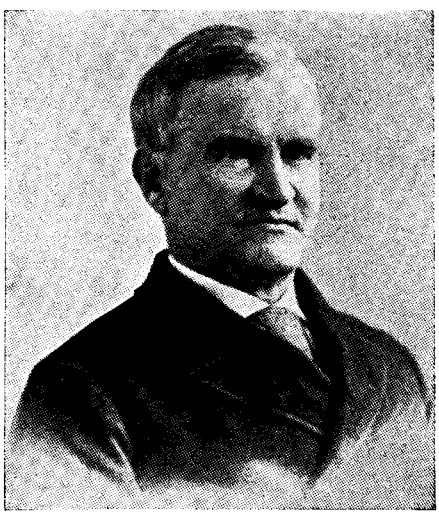
pus. The lower house consented to coercion after the circulation of a warlike appeal allegedly signed by Captain Daniel Shays, but disavowed by him. Repressive measures impelled the insurgents to organize military forces which fled without giving battle when confronted by state troops. Later the Shaysites gained strength in the legislature, secured pardons for the insurgents, and obtained laws which ameliorated the most oppressive practices of the time.

The Rebellion gave a strong impetus to the movement for the Federal Constitution. The new Congress in 1790 assumed the long-term debt of Massachusetts, thereby enabling the state to reduce the poll taxes that had infuriated the insurgents. In order to service the state debts which it assumed Congress imposed the whiskey tax of 1791. It provoked resistance in western Pennsylvania somewhat comparable to Shays's Rebellion. Washington suppressed the opposition, much as the Massachusetts leaders (including Samuel Adams) had done in 1786. Thus two of the foremost leaders of the Revolution acted with vigor to uphold the institutions which it brought into being.

Although Miss Starkey sympathizes with the insurgents, she is not unfair to their adversaries. As she tells the story it loses some of its realism and intensity by reason of her softening of the bitterness felt on both sides. A strain of the pathetic runs through the book. Here was a group of decent people who, suffering severely and unjustly, lacked the resources needed for relieving their distress.

Their fate suggests that, in a popular government, malcontents who lack the means of influencing the legislature will fail in the field if they resort to arms. There is also the moral that a legislature cannot ignore well-founded protests, without a reckoning.



—*Culver.*

Parkman—"magnificent epic."

A Continent's Chronicler

"The Parkman Reader," selected and edited by Samuel Eliot Morrison *(Little, Brown. 533 pp. $6), offers in a single volume a representative sampling of the seven volumes of an American historical classic, Francis Parkman's "France and England in North America." It is reviewed below by A. L. Burt, author of "The Old Province of Quebec" and "A Short History of Canada for Americans."*

By A. L. Burt

MORE than forty years ago, having read some of Francis Parkman, I eagerly bought the definitive sixteen-volume Frontenac edition of his works, and not long thereafter I settled down to devour the whole from start to finish. It was the grandest fortnight's reading that I can recall, and the beginning of the dilapidation of my handsome set. Parkman is one of the greatest historians that the English-speaking world has produced. His subject, "France and England in North America," is a magnificent epic culminating in the British conquest of Canada. As he observed in the introduction to his "Montcalm and Wolfe":

> The most momentous and far-reaching question ever brought to issue on this continent was: Shall France remain here or shall she not? If, by diplomacy or war, she had preserved but the half, or less than the half, of her American possessions, then a barrier would have been set to the spread of the English-speaking races; there would have been no Revolutionary War; and for a long time, at least, no independence.

Almost to the day of his death in 1893 he continued to revise his works —except the very last, "A Half Century of Conflict," which appeared in 1892 and filled the one remaining gap in the history to which he devoted his life.

Parkman's scholarship and his literary style match his theme. The soundness of his work is amazing, especially when we remember that he was the pioneer in his chosen field and that he labored under a severe physical handicap which would have broken the endurance of almost any other man. He ransacked the archives of Europe and America for documentary material, and he collected nearly 20 folio volumes of transcripts, from which he reconstructed the past, not as a dead thing but as a living reality.

This Parkman could do because from his early youth he gloried in the life of the forest, because as a young man he roamed the Western plains with a band of red men who still lived the untamed life of their ancestors that was soon to vanish forever, because he visited and personally examined almost every place mentioned in his books, because though a Unitarian he had caught the spirit of the Roman Catholic Church, because he had a rare sensitivity and imagination, and finally because he was a very gifted and skilled literary artist. His style is vivid, picturesque, and fluent, without being self-conscious.

To give the public a taste of the feast they have missed because they are in such a hurry to go somewhere they know not whither and all Parkman's works have gone out of print, Samuel Eliot Morison has compiled "The Parkman Reader." "Whole chapters, or groups of chapters, have been selected rather than short extracts and brief passages, in order to enable the reader to follow the story from start to finish." It was no easy task to pick out one-seventh of the whole, and there are bound to be differences of opinion over the choice and over the exclusion of shorter passages. For example, I regret the omission of the delightful and revealing chapter on the founding of Montreal and the thrilling tale of Madeleine of Verchères.

The editor has inserted a few introductory or connecting paragraphs which may appear too perfunctory, and he has added footnotes of his own. In these he has corrected statements by Parkman that later research has shown to be inaccurate or misleading, which, as he says in the preface, "are remarkably few." But he has failed to warn the general reader that Parkman's treatments of feudalism, the Church, and the royal autocracy in New France were written before attention was drawn to the profound effect of frontier conditions upon these institutions. It emptied feudalism of its substance, it blocked the payment of the tithe until it was reduced to what the habitants were willing to pay, and out of the local musketry instructor it developed a genuinely democratic institution.

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Kremlin

Continued from page 12

loyal to Juan Negrín, the last Republican prime minister, resisted the inevitable as long as they did.

Even if the Republicans had won the war, Mr. Cattell admits, the result would probably not have been parliamentary democracy but rather the "new style," despotic "people's democracy" under which the peoples of Eastern Europe have been groaning since the end of the Second World War. The Spanish civil war was neither a war between democracy and Fascism nor, despite Russia's intervention, a war between Christendom and Communism. It was essentially a war between Spaniards who believed and Spaniards who did not believe in a utopian solution to Spain's age-old problems. Thanks to the Spanish genius for joining complicated issues in the bluntest possible terms, the civil war electrified a divided world haunted by the specters of unemployment and revolution and justifiably fearful of the ruinous general war that would so quickly follow Franco's victory. The Kremlin made the most of it.

Notes

USES OF THE LAW IN USSR: In **"Soviet Military Law and Administration"** (Harvard University Press, $4) Harold J. Berman, professor of law at Harvard, and Miroslav Kerner offer a systematic and challenging illustration of a modern dictatorship's Machiavellian utilization of the law to regulate its population. They hold that the Kremlin has distorted the Western conception of law to "remain the master, rather than the servant, of the legal order." Other significant findings emerge from this spade-work study of both governmental, party, and police controls in the military and of the standards and procedures practised in military courts. The authors believe that even though the law is manipulated opportunistically its maintenance is nevertheless crucial for the perpetuation of the state. The Communists "have learned that a complex, urbanized, and industrialized society cannot function efficiently without an objective, formal, rational-legal structure." Thus, the authors maintain that the armed forces have achieved "considerable administrative autonomy and stability," despite severe CP and MVD pressures. Furthermore, they cross swords with several students of the Soviet scene in asserting that power over the military rests with "a group of thirty or forty men"—the summit of Soviet leadership—who represent the Party, the police, and the army. They are convinced that the military itself possesses no independent political aspirations. —MARVIN L. KALB.

MAD FOR POWER: Leonard Schapiro's **"The Origin of the Communist Autocracy"** (Harvard University Press, $7) is a scholarly, literate, and important examination of the political opposition to Lenin and the Bolshevik state from 1917 to 1922. Of the many studies on the Soviet Union appearing these days it is possibly the only one devoted exclusively to this subject. "My own Cinderella has not hitherto occupied the stage by herself," the author notes. Writing with a keen sense of historical perspective, Mr. Schapiro describes "how a group of determined men seized power for themselves in Russia in 1917, and kept others from sharing it; and of the consequences which ensued both for themselves and their political rivals when it became evident that they enjoyed but little popular support." It is one of his principal points that Lenin never seriously considered sharing power with anyone, and he proves by demolishing that old but surprisingly virile legend that until 1921 Lenin did permit opposition parties to function freely. The facts prove this was hardly his intention. Preoccupied first with a world war, then a civil war, foreign intervention, and economic chaos, Lenin was simply unable to devote his total energy to the annihilation of his political foes. His desire, however, was clearly expressed in the dissolution of the Constituent Assembly, the banishment of opposition parties from participation in government (Central Executive Committee resolution, June 14, 1918), and finally his decision of March 1921 to eradicate all opposition. This study is a healthy combination of sound scholarship and refreshing writing.

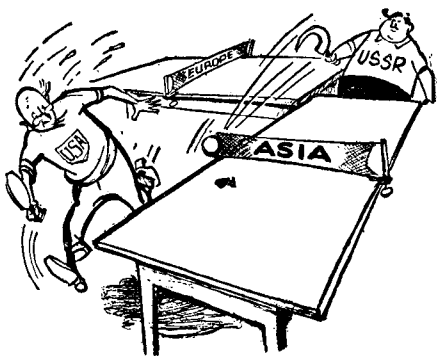
—M. L. K.

MVD CONFIDENTIAL: Only pedants fret when a reputable scholar in a standard field of exploration fails to indicate his sources of information. But when the author uses a pseudonym and the subject is as loaded with booby-traps as Soviet espionage, *caveat lector*. Such is the case with **"The Net That Covers the World"** (Henry Holt, $3.95), by "E. H. Cookridge," whom the jacket calls a "British political journalist, Secret Service agent, and acknowledged expert on Soviet affairs," and whose publisher and literary agent both are reluctant to identify further. The anonymity of the author is disturbing, for he makes major points on occasion by relating his private conversations with various bigwigs. Furthermore, "Cookridge" lists only a dozen or so sources, most of these tied to unimportant quotations. It is thus up to the reader to divine the source and reliability of "Cookridge's" information.

About 90 per cent of the book, we would estimate, is based on the standard works available to the high-school researcher: books and articles by Krivitsky, Chambers, Khokhlov, Gouzenko, Foote, and so on, as well as the documents of the Canadian and Australian Royal Commissions, appropriate U.S. courts and Congressional committees, and various other legal proceedings in the free and Soviet worlds. These gleanings from the public domain are elaborated and embroidered with a facility any journalist paid by the word can envy. The remaining 10 per cent is drawn from "Cookridge's" private observations and from some of the seamier apocrypha on the subject. Thus we read again the wrong-guess that Khruschchev is Malenkov's brother-in-law (specifically denied by both men last summer), and the pure myth that the MVD saved Roosevelt from a Nazi plot at Yalta.

This book is unreservedly commended to Cpl. G. David Schine, author of the Schine Plan for psychological warfare against Communism. Anyone else seriously interested in the subject should consult original sources or await the forthcoming publication of a scholarly work, "Soviet Espionage," by David J. Dallin.

—ANATOLE SHUB.



—Stockholms-Tidningen.

Malenkov: "Fun to play two tables, eh?"

Descending Landscape

By Witter Bynner

SNOWS on the mountain-top,
White blossoms on the lilac-tree,
A white skull on a man.

He has been mountainous,
He has been blossoming,
And shows it if he can.

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Fiction

Continued from page 11

purged of selfhood. Then, embarking on a fantastic sales trip, he becomes Arcadia's star hustler overnight, selling policies faster than he can write them. But soon, of course, he has broken the cardinal Centralist admonition to remain inconspicuous, and his remorse sets in. His company wants to fete him at a gala dinner, a press agent is assigned to ballyhoo his every move, his newly-won girl friend becomes convinced he is mad, and he meets Merko the Human Fly, an irresistible little knot of determined muscularity who represents everything that Centralism deplores. Hal clings feverishly to the Faith, but becomes more disoriented, and at last, in a scene simultaneously chilling and hilarious, he despairingly confronts Modesto, the master whom he has betrayed.

Mr. Harrington is a first-rate satirist. His book exposes certain human foibles which are especially manifest in our culture today (*vide* the sociological documentation in such works as "The Lonely Crowd" and "White Collar"); its outrageously improbable scenes, though often highly comical, provoke an uneasy laughter, for they are rooted in reality and their ridicule rests on a base of intellectual criticism; and (from the purely novelistic standpoint perhaps most important) neither the forlorn Hal nor any of the other characters are merely animated social statistics—they are vividly realized, sentient individuals, capable of evoking our responses of pity and anger and affection. To read their story is a very pleasurable, as well as salutary, experience.

—Jerome Stone.

IRISH SORROWS: The quality of mercy is not strained in Irish writing. Compassion is basic to the Irish character. And since the Irishman, traditionally, sees life *sub specie aeternitatis* despair is alien to his being. In his first book, **"The Trusting and the Maimed"** (Devin-Adair, $3), James Plunkett allows despair to corrode the souls of his fellow Dubliners. A brilliant young storyteller whose work has been appearing in Irish magazines, Mr. Plunkett bares the anguished ordeals of office workers, schoolboys, old soldiers—in fact, the everyday folk he passes in O'Connell Street. In the title story a decent girl and an average chap are tormented by the consequences of illicit love. "Weep for Our Pride" uncovers the private hell of a youngster forced to wear his father's shoes. The hero of "The Wearin' of the Green" is a selfless schoolteacher driven from town by professional patriots.

And so it goes—stark, tortured, hopeless. There are ten stories in the collection, most of them superbly crafted. This newcomer has a sensitive ear equally attuned to the rhythms of Irish speech and the sorrow of the human heart. His compassion is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of Joycean bitterness and his vision of life beclouded by Kafkaesqe symbolism. But whether or not he gets farther away from racial literary tradition, James Plunkett is a writer to watch.

—Ann F. Wolfe.

FUN AT THE SPA: In the newest of her Regency harlequinades, **"Bath Tangle"** (Putnam, $3.50), the indefatigable Georgette Heyer rings a variation on the familiar triangle. Instead of three lovelorn characters she uses three mixed-up couples who can't get themselves sorted out till the last suspenseful pages. Heroine of the romantic tangle is short-tempered, hoydenish Lady Serena. The temper has not been improved by her father's will: Serena can come into her inheritance, due her on marriage, only with the approval of the imperious Marquis of Rotherham. Papa, it seems, died displeased that his daughter had broken off her betrothal to the Marquis.

Chaperoned by her stepmother, an ethereal charmer two years her junior, Serena visits Bath. Partly because mourning becomes them, the becreped young ladies are drawn into the whirl of spa society. An old beau of Serena's turns up and wins her promise of marriage, whereupon the Marquis announces his engagement to a chit. The chit's callow suitor, Rotherham's ward, takes drastic action. Everyone gallops off in pursuit of everybody else, the fragile stepmother gets her man, Serena and Rotherham resume their Kate-Petruchio courtship. In short, Miss Heyer's Pump Room chronicle sails along on a gale of high Regency spirits. Gale and regale is this storyteller's formula, and she has thirty-five puckishly entertaining novels to prove it works.

—A. F. W.

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K. Markandaya:

NECTAR IN A SIEVE

Kali and Janaki between them had to show me how to milk the goat, how to plant seed, how to churn butter, and how to hull rice. What patience indeed my husband must have had! Not one impatient look, but praise for whatever small success I achieved.

Irwin Edman

Continued from page 8

the new course in Contemporary Civilization which had just been projected in Columbia College after the First World War, in which Irwin was one of a group of young instructors. When the group met to discuss and plan the new course and the decision was reached to approach the study of contemporary civilization through a presentation of our human heritage, in terms of the best insights of psychology and the social studies, of literature and art and philosophy, the lack of a suitable text became apparent. Equally apparent, and reached with spontaneous unanimity, was the conclusion that the book that was needed could be written by one man: Irwin Edman.

It might be interjected that when, five or six years ago, at an annual meeting of the American Philosophical Association, the possibility of a new journal was discussed which would present contemporary philosophy to a widely cultivated but nonprofessional public, there was again immediate agreement that the project would be feasible and successful if Irwin Edman could be induced to undertake the editorship. Alas, what seemed to be required was not only Irwin Edman as editor but a group of reasonable facsimiles of Edman as assistants and contributors. So the project died a-borning.

But in 1919 Irwin did undertake alone the preparation of "Human Traits and Their Social Significance" and, what's more, its writing against a proximate deadline. All through the hot months of the summer he worked in the Columbia philosophy seminar room, the conference table covered with his books and papers.

In a sense it was a work of collaboration, for as he wrote in the Foreword he was taking that "naturalistic viewpoint whose outlines have been fixed for this generation by James, Santayana, and Dewey." Santayana and Dewey continued to be the two contemporaries whom he found most congenial and suggestive —Santayana for whose reputation he did so much, Dewey from whom he continued to learn and who, as John Herman Randall recently said, "learned so much from him."

Though Irwin Edman characteristically avoided anything that could tend to label or pigeonhole his own philosophy, as well as that of others, there can be no doubt that his place is among those who have continued and extended the great traditions of humanistic naturalism in our time.

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Are Subversives Really Subversive?

Continued from page 16

Russia, China, and Italy grew swiftly to millions "when favorable situations" arose. Brownell cannot seriously believe there is a danger of the Eisenhower Administration, or any possible successor, creating in this country "favorable situations" comparable to those in Russia, China, or even Italy. What he really thinks perhaps comes out in the remark that if there were "only a handful of Communists" among us they "would still present a danger because they are dedicated to overthrowing our way of life"—because, in other words, they are heretics, rather than because of any substantive damage which the heresy is capable of doing.

THE truth seems to be that the great structure of internal security does not rest upon hard facts at all, but on a series of indefinable fears and unverifiable assumptions. Some of these assumptions are: that all Government secrets are of vital importance; that all Federal and many millions of private posts are "sensitive"; that it is possible to determine with considerable accuracy whether a person is a "security risk"; that not only all Communists but all persons with any past Communistic leanings or associations are risks. Finally, there is the general assumption that by erecting a massive inquisitorial system for identifying all such "risks" and screening them out of all Federal employment, all private employment on classified defense contracts and in the maritime industries, and (if the Butler bill is passed) in most general industry as well, it is possible to contribute materially to the national security. That all of these assumptions are unfounded is probably true; the Government, at least, has never presented any real evidence in support of them. Yet only by accepting them all as articles of faith can one sustain the structure of a secret political police and a security bureaucracy which we have, almost absentmindedly, as it were, erected upon them.

Those who point to real dangers and drawbacks in this system of secret policing, secret evidence, secret trial and punishment are not all dupes of Communism. Those who suggest that it be restrained more closely within the limits of common sense and fair dealing are not proposing that the doors be opened to "spies and subversives," nor are they asking Mr. Brownell to disregard his "awesome responsibility." They are saying that the whole system contributes very little to the real military or even political security of the state, and when all its undoubtedly adverse effects are taken into consideration the balance might well be on the negative side. And if such suspicions proceed from an ignorance of "hard" facts one could wish that the Government could give just a few really hard facts to dispute them, rather than further repetitions of the fear-bred mythologies of the Cold War.

—WALTER MILLIS.

Dragonfly Dream

By Miriam Andrews

ONCE in late summer I had a fine lover.
We laughed and sang in a field of red clover.
We drank still wine beside a blue river
And watched silver dragonflies drifting forever
Embracing forever above the bright river
Till summer was over.
Winter came and a time of waiting
For another warm season—and dragonflies mating.
But the cold was too long. So we turned to repeating
All out of season our summer meeting . . .
The river froze and the wine became sating.
We fought to remember silver wings beating
And ended up hating.
Now it is spring. But the way through the clover,
The wide, wide path that led to the river,
The path to the dragonfly dream of forever
Is clogged with briar and matted over
With tangled vines in too deep a cover
For cold minds to sever.

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ABC SHORTHAND IN ONE WEEK. $2. Returnable. Zinman, Chautauqua. N. Y.

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FOR SALE—Several books by Frederick Baron Corvo. Box W-958.

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MARTHA'S VINEYARD. Architect's 7-room winterize bungalow near bay. Many trees, garden, bea rights. References required. $19,990. Doris Nc Wortman, Owner, Vineyard Haven, Mass.

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ENJOY THE AUTUMN FOLIAGE of the Berkshires a Birchwood Inn, Lenox, Massachusetts. The charm anc comfort of an old colonial mansion are supplemented by an excellent European cuisine. Golf courses near by. Your hostess Charlotte Wagner, Lenox 363.

VERMONT VACATIONS—Beautiful, restful country side, farm-fresh food. BRIDGEROAD LODGE, Lake Bomoseen.

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KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1119

Reg. U.S. Patent Office

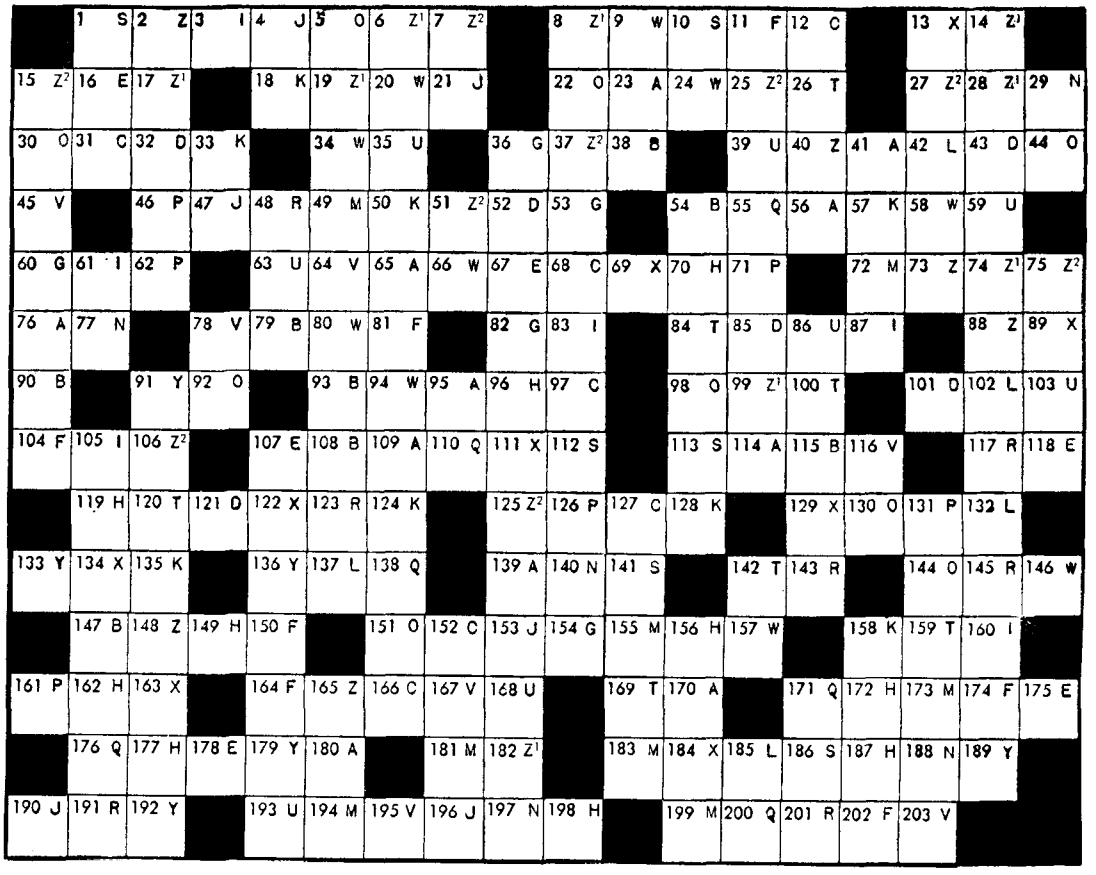
By Doris Nash Wortman

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. In any case (3 wds.).	139 56 76 109 114 95 41 23 65 180 170
B. Describing the cat who licked the cream from a jar and then could not extricate herself (comp.).	79 38 108 90 147 115 54 93
C. Burdensome as inspiring distaste, reluctance, or impatience.	127 97 176 68 31 152 12
D. The axis deer of India.	121 101 95 52 32 43
E. Long for uneasily.	16 178 118 175 67 107
F. Designate coin or bullion for specific use.	150 174 104 81 154 202 11
G. Extremely shabby.	154 60 82 36 53
H. Use of equivocal or ambiguous words.	172 187 149 96 119 162 70 156 177 198
I. A Manifesto of 1854 which named terms under which U.S. might seize Cuba if Spain refused to sell it!	83 160 105 3 61 87
J. Hilly coastal area, NW Africa (2 wds.).	153 4 196 47 190 21
K. Range of hills, S England; also a Kentish roadstead in English Channel (2 wds.).	128 18 135 124 57 158 50 33
L. Feel dreadfully hungry.	185 137 42 102 132
M. Talmudic academy.	199 173 155 183 49 72 181 194
N. German patriot, son of former Swedish serf, who helped abolition of serfdom etc. (1769-1860).	140 188 29 77 197

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
O. The more residential half of Chicago (2 wds.).	92 98 44 144 130 5 30 22 151
P. English poet, most influential, poet laureate, 1670, etc.	46 126 71 62 131 161
Q. Free from barbarisms or vulgarisms of design; refined.	55 110 176 171 138 200
R. Titular hero of famous 19th-cent. novel whose name was Wilfred.	117 48 201 143 145 191 123
S. The electorate.	186 10 113 1 112 141
T. Any princess of the blood royal except an heiress of the crown, in Spain and Portugal.	142 26 84 120 100 169 159
U. Sinister (comp.).	59 63 35 193 39 103 86 168
V. As a substitute.	195 116 203 78 167 64 45
W. Shakespeare's spelling of King Cophetua's beggar maid.	24 146 66 80 20 34 9 94 58 157
X. Describing a horse in action in most harness races (3 wds.).	184 129 69 134 111 13 122 89 163
Y. Three-cleft.	133 192 91 136 179 189
Z. Debussy's "Poissons d'or" is the last in the second set of these.	148 2 40 88 73 165
Z.[1] A North Amer. mint, *Monarda didyma*, with showy scarlet flowers (2 wds.).	6 8 99 17 74 14 182 28 19
Z.[2] What most travelers are in search of (2 wds.).	7 25 125 27 51 75 37 15 106

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning. . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line. . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop. Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition.



Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 32 of this issue.

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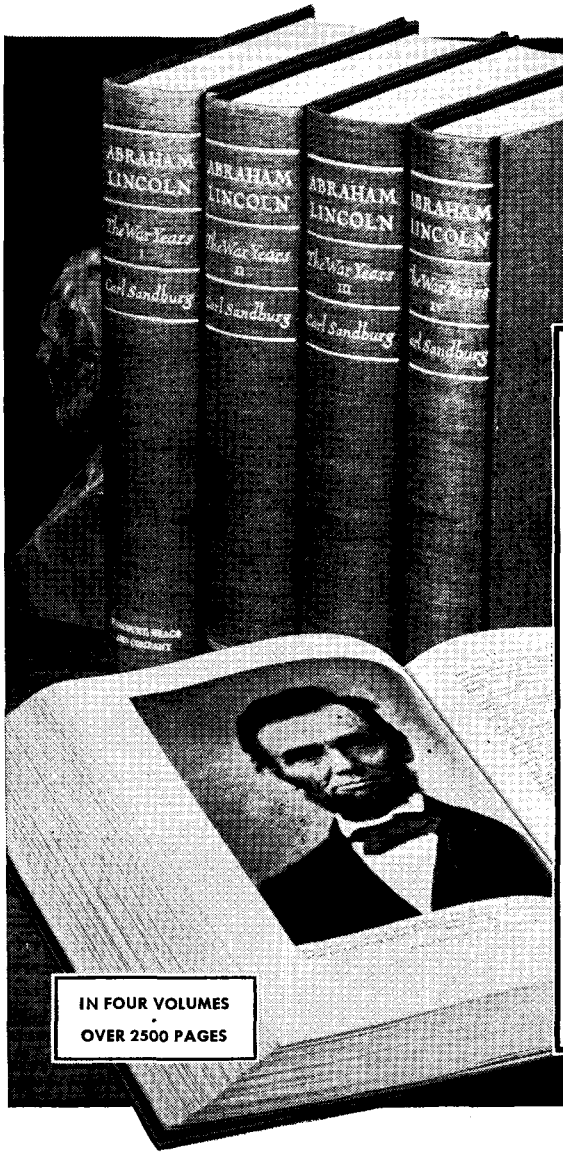

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